WESTFIELD ATHENEUM
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# The Nation.

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## The Week.

Secretary Taft's decision—for it is manifestly his and not the President's—that no appointment to the Supreme Court need be made till there is a vacancy, leaves him free to go on with his important public business at least till October. Various motives have doubtless actuated him. The man who rapped Engineer Wallace over the knuckles so smartly for taking his hand from the Government plough, could not with good grace throw over his unfinished Philippine and Panama labors. Mr. Taft's desire to get his present work into better shape before dropping it is clearly in line with public duty. But that political considerations lurk behind, is obvious. He has been considered a strong Presidential candidate, if not by himself too seriously, at any rate by many friends. They do not want to see a possible President spoiled to make a judge. Hence the Secretary's declination to go to the Supreme Court for the present must be held to have "big politics" in it.

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Try as the President may to expel politics from the railway-rate bill it is always coming back. Senator Tillman made it plain on Thursday that his aim will be to render the President's bill so radical that the Republicans cannot support it. In that way Tillman would make capital for his party, and possibly furnish it with a rallying cry. He went frankly over to the view that this railway bill is but a part of the coming and concentrated attack upon "the great accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few," before which "the honest patriot stands appalled." Naturally, the Republican Senators are a good deal staggered by this sort of endorsement of the President's measure, and are casting about more anxiously than ever for some form of amendment to make the bill "safe," and to unite their party behind it. It is said that Knox and Dolliver—representing the conservative and the extremist wings of the party—are nearly agreed upon an amendment providing for judicial review, with suspension, of any rates made by the Interstate Commerce Commission. This, the Democrats will of course declare, "emasculates" the law, and then party lines will be drawn again, and the present "era of good feeling," or mixed feelings, closed.

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Senator Bailey's argument on Monday went to the heart of the matter. The Hepburn bill—clumsily, it is true, and without sufficient precision — contemplates "suspension" by the courts of any litigated rate made by the Commission, pending a final judicial decision. The President has assented to this plan. But Mr. Bailey contends, and Senator Rayner agrees with him, that this "suspension" must be got out of the bill if it is to be a really drastic measure. Yet, as Senator Clapp and Senator Culberson have admitted, any court of equity would grant a preliminary injunction against a Commission-made rate which the railroads might assert to be confiscatory, and of which the enforcement would cause them irreparable injury. Exactly, says Mr. Bailey; therefore let us take away equity jurisdiction in all such cases. This, of course, raises the new Constitutional question whether Congress has power to do anything of the kind. To that point Senator Bailey directed himself. It seems clear that the whole law is certain to be contested in the Supreme Court. It is also clear that party lines are reforming in the Senate, and that the Democrats are manœuvring to get into a position where they can assert that the President and the Republicans have surrendered to the railroads, and have agreed to a bill which is not worth the paper it is written on.

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The Connecticut Senators who refuse to vote for the Philippine tariff bill can plead that, if they do not exhibit sweet reasonableness, they at any rate show a quality which their party has hitherto held in far higher esteem—unswerving devotion to extreme protection. True, a number of Connecticut Republicans who do not approve the policy of hanging the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve, protest that the Senators "misrepresent the overwhelming Republican sentiment in Connecticut" and "frustrate President Roosevelt's policy of a square deal for the Filipinos." The protestants labor under a serious delusion. The question is not as to the overwhelming sentiment of the Republicans of Connecticut, but as to the overwhelming demand of the tobacco-growers of that State. Senator Brandegee declares that he intends to stand by the tobacco-growers; and doubtless he is well advised. A protected interest will put up its good money for campaign expenses and fight tooth and nail for its own, while the huge majority of the party will rest content with a vague feeling of dissent, and proceed to vote the straight ticket. Thus it is that the alert beneficiaries of the tariff hold the Republican leaders by the throat. Ten men with money, energy, and without scruples, can wield more power through a political machine than ten thousand amiably disposed but inert advocates of the square deal. The attitude of the Connecticut Senators is fresh proof that the quickest way for Republicans to reform the tariff is to vote for Democrats.

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President Roosevelt continued his good work on behalf of consular reform by his speech in the White House on March 14; and his admission that we have had much difficulty with our consuls in China was particularly apropos, in view of present conditions in that country. A bad or inefficient or tactless consul can do an immense amount of harm to our national prestige, particularly in such a country as China. It is, as the President points out, far cheaper to pay high salaries for good men, since a second-class man can so easily do a first-rate amount of harm. On the details of the reformed service, the President was open-minded, insisting only on some way of weeding out the incapable and superannuated officials at the top. Whether this can be properly arranged without the establishment of some kind of retiring pension, would have to be determined after a trial of the new system. The point is that our growing foreign trade demands the most careful and intelligent representatives abroad, with a life career before them, and with prospects of advancement to the diplomatic service if they merit it. The Washington convention is a most encouraging sign that the business man is waking up to the sheer stupidity of our present policy, and the only question is how long it will take him to make the average Congressman or Senator realize that it is better to vote for a change and relinquish the petty patronage he now gets out of consular appointments.

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The business men who protested against a rigorous Chinese exclusion, at last week's hearing before the House Committee on Foreign Relations, frankly based their arguments on commercial expediency. The boycott, they maintain, has not yet affected the Asiatic trade as a whole, but its continuance or extension would limit for the United States an ever-growing business in the "greatest unexploited market of the world." This is an argument suited to a commercialized government. The average Congressman generally has a great respect for indignant merchants who are losing a foreign market. The Asiatic Association speaks with much authority, and it declares that what is now demanded is to define the excluded class of Chinamen and to let all others enter freely after presentation of certificates from American consuls. Undoubtedly,

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this would do much to soothe the injured feelings of the Chinese, but, in our opinion, so long as there is exclusion of any class there is bound to be irritation, since the Chinese must inevitably fail to see any good reason why their laborers should be barred out when those of Russia and Bohemia are freely admitted. Moreover, while the Administration itself is guilty of such execrable taste as it showed recently in permitting its dispatch to Manila of troops for expected service in China to become public, we must be prepared for great bitterness and hostility towards Americans throughout the Chinese Empire.

Representative Shackleford's furious attack upon "Czar" Cannon on Friday for arbitrary use of the power of "recognition" really has little point. Everybody knows that, under the practice which now has come to have the force of law, and with the consent of the House, the general control of public business has been more and more put into the hands of the Speaker. He is very much the American analogue of the English Premier, who decides and announces what bills shall be, and what shall not be, taken up by the House of Commons. Mr. Shackleford has been in Congress only about six years. If his service dated back to Speaker Carlisle's time, he would have remembered that even a Democrat in the chair, though professing as humbly as Mr. Cannon to be but "the servant of the House," could in reality set up quietly as its master. Mr. Carlisle's Speakership is, indeed noted in Miss Follett's 'The Speaker of the House of Representatives,' as one that "made a decided advance even on this [Blaine's] arbitrary use of the privilege" of refusing to allow legislation to be called up which the Speaker opposes. For years Mr. Carlisle declined to allow the Blair Educational bill, which passed the Senate three times, to be considered in the House. In 1887, when urged by a clear majority of the House to permit a tobacco-tax bill to be taken up, he replied in writing that he did not think it would be "proper." So our Czars have been long growing.

That Americans prefer to live in perpetual Presidential elections, is proved again by the rising eagerness of discussion about the nominees of 1908. Judge Parker revived once more on Friday, in his address in North Carolina, the suggestion that Southern Democrats step boldly forward and present a candidate of their own. He declared, what is undoubtedly true, that the South has several men in public life who, by character and attainments, are well fitted for the Presidency. But these very men are the first to perceive that the time has not yet come to look for a President in the South. Senator Bailey, for example, who is now one of the most respected members of the Senate, and who has frequently had the empty compliment of being "named" for the Presidency, is clear-headed enough to see that the thing is impossible. He has said that years must yet pass before a Southerner as Presidential nominee will be thinkable. This does not mean that sectional prejudice should be encouraged, or that any section of the country ought to be put under a ban; it is simply to look the hard facts of politics full in the face. So long as the chief object of parties in nominating Presidents is not to pay a tribute to worthy persons, but to succeed in the election, the argument from "availability" will remain very much what it is. At present, it is dead against Judge Parker's proposal—which was, perhaps, intended only as a graceful way of acknowledging hospitality. The South will have to wait. A border State—say, Missouri—may furnish a candidate, but not as yet a State further South.

One gathers from Bourke Cockran's intolerable deal of sack in the Tammany resolutions of Monday, that Hearst is not going to be allowed to buy Tammany support. The inference which the cynical will draw is that somebody else has bid higher. Who it is, time will be expected to reveal. That Tammany, as such, has any political convictions which cannot be altered while you wait—except the conviction that all the city plunder is its by divine right—no one seriously pretends. Hence its solemn erection of itself into the great bulwark against Socialism is enough to make a broken-down and dispirited artillery horse laugh. There were, of course, gleams of sound sense in what Mr. Cockran said. On the question of municipal ownership, he appears to have argued powerfully against the views which he himself propounded, in the name of Tammany, when he went to Albany a few weeks ago to outbid Hearst. With every appreciation of Mr. Cockran's natural flow of eloquence and easy simulation of the loftiest statesmanship, we must remind him that a certain amount of political steadiness is required to give an orator real weight. Wanting that, people will be apt to say of his rhetoric that it has the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration.

If the opposition to the insurance bills had not practically collapsed before Andrew Hamilton spoke out, his attack upon the trustees of the New York Life would have determined most of the legislators to vote for the reforms. The speeches at the hearings showed clearly enough that the objections came mainly from officers who did not want their power curtailed, from agents who were naturally reluctant to see their inordinate profits reduced, and from financial cliques that wished to keep their hold on the treasure-chest. Some of the arguments were singularly indifferent to the rights of the most deeply interested party, the policyholder. Then, too, the insurance people weakened their case by such wholesale assaults on the bill as that of Paul Morton. The upshot is that the bill will probably be amended in some minor details; that the section regarding agents' commissions will be made rather more liberal; and that the requirement as to surplus may be made less rigid. All the principles recommended by the Armstrong committee are likely to be embodied in the new law.

It may be that Judge Cowing, in sentencing a member of the Housesmiths' Union on Friday to a year in the penitentiary, was creating a new "martyr" to the cause of labor. But this particular act of violence, like the strike of which it was an incident, was of a sort on which sympathy would be absolutely wasted. Edward Lynch was one of the men who set upon a watchman at the American Can Company's factory. It was a cowardly attack in that the unionists were three to one. And why were "scabs" on duty at all? Not because the union men were on strike for any grievance of their own—not even because they unselfishly took up the grievance of other workmen whom their employer was oppressing somewhere else. No, the demand of the strikers was the discharge of twenty-five non-union men on a job which *another firm* was doing in McKeesport, Pa.! Not one of the pleas usually offered in palliation of union violence can be entered here. Yet, in the course of the Post & McCord dispute, according to the firm's affidavit, sixty-five non-union workmen have been assaulted by strikers, and dynamite has been used five times to destroy the results of "scab" labor. "We must have order," said Judge Cowing in pronouncing sentence, "and we can have it only by observance of the law."

Maine city elections no longer indicate the drift of general opinion, but merely what is thought of the State's prohibition law. A majority of the municipalities that have just chosen new officers have been captured by the Democrats, including Augusta, which since 1893 has been consistently Republican. Bangor reëlected a Democratic mayor, and Rockland, the home of Gov. Cobb, who has stood for the rigid enforcement of the anti-liquor law, changed over for the first time in its history. Last December, Portland and Westbrook "revolted" against Republican control. Instead, however, of taking these results as a warning to the dominant party, the observers of public sentiment in Maine go no further than to say that the

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State is bound to come to a form of local option resembling that in force in Vermont. In most cases the successful Democratic candidates waged their campaign on the single issue of enforcing the "Sturgis law." In Augusta, for example, Col. Frederick W. Plaisted was chosen mayor, as the Kennebec *Journal* points out, simply and solely because of his denunciations of the policy that actually meant closed saloons. It was in that city that Gov. Cobb's deputies had done particularly effective work, and it was there that it was most clearly brought out that Maine is exceedingly restless under rigid enforcement of prohibition.

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In establishing a $1,000 saloon license Chicago has followed the practice of most large cities in this country; but she has been fortunate in the privilege of taking this action for herself and not having to depend upon a State Legislature to make the change. The increased revenue will permit the employment of a large number of additional policemen, and this phase of the question has been brought prominently forward in the rather protracted campaign for the increased license. While Chicago has usually found herself capable of evolving within herself policies and arguments alike, in this case the contrast of conditions at home with those elsewhere has been one of the often-repeated arguments. New York has a saloon to every 400 inhabitants, Chicago one to 243, while the ratios of policemen are one to 500 and one to 703 inhabitants, respectively. In January and February Chicago had 22 murders, 840 burglaries, and 216 robberies, to only 18 murders, 400 burglaries, and 20 robberies in New York.

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A trades (or, better) study-union in the navy is a unique manifestation of the all-prevailing tendency to combine. The Secretary of the Navy deliberately charges that the Annapolis midshipmen have conspired in true labor-union style to keep down the level of scholarship at the Academy. Just as a union looks askance upon the man whose superior intelligence and ability makes him a greater producer than his neighbor, so the cadets pledged themselves not to do better than a fixed average in their studies. The honor man and the "grind" were both proscribed, and doubtless described as "scab" middies. The suggestion will delight the souls of Harry B. Smith and other creators of comic-opera librettos; but it is not without its practical suggestions. After graduation, for instance, our cadets might have a gentleman's agreement not to stay on watch more than three hours at a spell, except for double pay for overtime. They might also decide to fix the percentage of proficiency in engine-room service at, say, 50 per cent., thus reducing the now altogether inordinate length of cruises and increasing the periods of navy-yard service and the enjoyment of family life. The enlisted men, too, might then organize. A strike at the outbreak of war, for instance, for extra pay and plenty of it, would be as successful as a strike of municipally employed motormen and conductors five days before a mayoralty election. Indeed, the Annapolis idea is an altogether delightful one, and capable of such infinite ramifications that Congress ought really to extend its thanks to our midshipmen, hazers not excluded.

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Canada has never shown much enthusiasm for Mr. Chamberlain's schemes of Imperial Federation, and two recent Ministerial utterances display strikingly the general desire for administrative and fiscal independence. Prime Minister Laurier, speaking at Ottawa recently, handled the proposals for Imperial tariffs quite frankly. Let Canada and England each seek her own good in tariff matters. Perhaps treaties of commerce were possible; uniform tariffs emphatically were not. But in any case it was not reciprocity treaties that upheld the Empire. It was Sir Wilfrid's firm conviction that the Empire could be maintained "on one condition only, and that condition is that every component part of the British Empire should be left to do the best it can for itself." Something like a practical application of this principle has since been made by Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia. Speaking after a lecturer who had advocated Canadian contributions to the support of the Imperial navy, the Canadian War Minister called attention to the fact that no colony would willingly tax itself for a fund over the spending of which it had no control. He further said that, under the Monroe Doctrine, which he accepted as a fact without approving it as an article of international law, Canada virtually commanded the protection of the United States navy as against all European nations. He saw no profit, then, in the Dominion bearing the burden either of its own navy, or of the Imperial navy in part. If these two speeches may be regarded as representative, as we believe they may, Mr. Chamberlain's arguments have fallen flat in Canada. The Dominion is willing to dispense with a formal Imperial federation for precisely those business considerations which Mr. Chamberlain advances as his strongest plea for Imperial reciprocity.

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The free-trade resolution passed in the House of Commons on March 13, by an overwhelming majority, effected its aim of displaying the cleft in the Unionist minority. Eight Unionist members voted with the Government, while twenty-five avoided voting, and only ninety-eight opposed the resolution. Evidently, adversity has not made the free-food and protectionist Unionists contented bedfellows. The division follows shortly after Mr. Balfour's resumption of the party leadership, as if to emphasize the fact that his conversion to Chamberlainism has not served as an example to the free traders of the Opposition. In a recent address Mr. Chamberlain pointed out the utility of division of counsels in a minority party, proposing to organize the protectionists into a separate group, acting independently in all tariff matters. The above vote shows that the way is clear for the trial of that interesting experiment. As for the status of Chamberlainism generally, until it gains something like the unanimous assent of the Unionist party it need hardly be taken as an imminent danger.

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A recent British bluebook on vagrancy practically condemns the workhouse system because it fails to distinguish between professional tramps and unwilling vagrants. The method of giving food and lodging for manual work, or none at all, is defective because it dismisses the criminal wanderer without punishment and the pauper vagrant without relief. The report also emphasizes the futility of mere imprisonment either as a deterrent to vagrancy or as a punishment for refusing to do prison labor. It is the judgment of the commission that "forced labor" has ceased to exist except in name. It is further pointed out that the present habit of estimating the tramp population by night lodgings furnished is wholly worthless. In this manner a single active man or woman beating a way through the island may appear as a couple of hundred wards of the State. The remedies suggested are the transfer of jurisdiction from the several localities to the counties; measures to keep the records of vagrants who have undergone sentence and to identify such on the road; finally, the revival of actual "hard labor" in "colonies" to which chronic vagrants may be condemned for not less than six months nor more than three years. The remedy need not necessarily be an expensive one, for Switzerland actually manages to squeeze a small profit out of the compulsory labor of her "vagrom men." In America the problem is complicated by the presence of varying State jurisdictions and by the absence of a centralized police; but here also the establishment of an organized work punishment for incorrigible tramps would presumably be better than merely passing them on, while it might exceptionally result in an actual work cure for the individual vagrant.

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### *AFTER EXPOSURE, WHAT?*

There is a growing feeling that we are approaching the limit of mere exposure of official and corporate misdoing. It is clear, at any rate, that we should distinguish sharply between legislative investigation made in view of definite evils and as a basis for definite remedies, and the flood of rather loose accusation that runs unceasingly through the daily and periodical press, spreading dark suspicion abroad without suggesting remedies. In other phrase one should not fail to know Hughesism from Lawsonism. They are as different as light and darkness.

The characteristic of Lawsonism, which prevails in a score of tinctures and dilutions, is its turbulence. It proposes to make the public "sit up." The idea of reforming is quite subordinate to that of making a stir, arousing a passion, and creating a hatred. We take it that hatred is always an unfortunate emotional habit. One cannot see red and yet practise sweet reasonableness. To visualize the United States Senate as so many upas trees walking, brings us no nearer the reform of that body. It is profitable to recall that Senators, and even the presidents of life-insurance companies and the promoters of Trusts, are fellow-mortals, and that the humblest of us bear in our bosoms the seeds of their defalcations. More practically, we shall restrain the harmful activities of these capitalists, not by representing them as so many dragons and hoping for a St. George to ride in, but by thorough and dispassionate investigation of the grounds of their arrogant pretensions and of their portentous gains. Nobody has shown more strikingly than Mr. Hughes himself in the course of numerous cross-examinations that the advantage is with him who keeps a cool head. That is a collective as well as an individual advantage, and those who, with no concrete programme of reforms, are stirring up a vague sense of the rottenness of the present order, are doing but an ill service.

There is no more clearly established principle of psychology than that intense emotion is an evil unless it is expressed in some appropriate action. To compassionate the needy only lands you in barren sentimentalism, unless your hand goes down into your pocket. Similarly, to execrate the capitalist merely keeps one in a sullen and hopeless fume, unless one perceives that the injustice is remediable and that voice or vote may aid thereto. It is the most serious defect of Mr. Roosevelt's agitation for rate regulation and control of industrial combinations that he has approached the subject with slight previous reflection upon ways and means, and that he has concentrated his efforts upon empty, if spectacular, prosecution of corporations, while the very practical recourse of exemplary pursuit of persons lay neglected at his hand.

The surest way to make men live contentedly in what they have been taught to regard as the worst possible world, is to preach the doctrine of total depravity detached from that of salvation. Human nature revolts at any prolonged chronicle of irremediable woe, and today those readers whose bellies are overfilled with the Lawsonian east wind either have sunk into that beatific coma which continued emotionalism induces, or are crying for better provender. "Show us an illegal corporation the harmful business of which has been not only conspicuously exposed but arrested; produce a lawless rebater in prisoner's stripes"—these are the gages of sincerity very properly asked of an Administration professedly consumed by indignation against the Trusts.

In the scientific as well as in the political sphere the mere heaping up of uninterrupted data is a very doubtful good, even when these bare observations are honestly and accurately made. The sheer mass of accumulated statistics discourages generalization. To obtain the best results, the search for general principles should follow pretty closly the accumulation of particular observations. It has been said, and justly, that if three-quarters of the German doctoral dissertations, which are largely devoted to statistics, were swept away, the world of science would be rid of an encumbrance. Similarly, the mere dissemination of vague data of malfeasance, unrelated to the practical work of the courts and legislatures, may produce in the long run, and after a certain barren irritation, an actual deadening of the public conscience.

Does not, in fine, the gist of the whole movement lie in the honest enforcement of such law as we have, and in prompt legislation where the old legal mesh is too wide to catch the representatives of the new financial slipperiness? All else is vanity. To wrench the superlatives of the English language merely to produce a general atmosphere of suspicion is, granted that the suspicion may be justified, a very questionable public service. It must be expected that a generation of former "word-painters" should exploit the profitable art of "exposure" as far as the market will bear; it is probable that State commissions and Government departments will for a time sally forth lightheartedly to "bust" the Trusts, leaving at home their best weapon, the vigorous application of old law to evils only quantitatively new; but the reaction is bound to come. We shall be on a better basis when the public asks of both amateur and professional exposers, not only, "How rotten are things?" but also, "How are you going to freshen them up?"

### *THE NEW HIGHER LAW.*

Andrew Hamilton has performed a public service by his brief and forcible exposition of his theory of the higher law. His phrase is an old one; the idea which underlies it is still older. Readers of the Bible know that the "law of the Most High" transcends all man-made statutes. Readers of history are familiar with appeals from the lower to the higher law—appeals which have overturned thrones and disrupted empires. John Hampden thus appealed when he refused to pay twenty shillings ship-money because that payment would have made him a slave. Those devoted men who helped the fugitive negroes from the South made a similar appeal to eternal justice. The validity of such resistance to the established order is what William H. Seward had in mind when he uttered that famous sentence: "There is a higher law than the Constitution."

In the light of these inspiring precedents, it is worth while to examine somewhat narrowly Hamilton's *apologia*. We are not deeply concerned over his statement that for every dollar he drew from the New York Life he gave a voucher. That is a point over which lawyers and accountants may wrangle. Whatever their decision, the moral aspect of the case remains unchanged. These facts are indisputable. The activity of insurance lobbies at Albany, Trenton, Harrisburg, and other State capitals has for years been notorious. "The insurance interests are opposing this bill; the insurance interests favor that measure," have been commonplaces in all newspaper reports of legislative proceedings. If the trustees of the insurance companies were unaware that large sums were being paid to a lobby, they were children in regard to matters, connected with their own business, on which the general public was fairly well informed. They must have known that a corruption fund was pouring from their treasury in a steady stream; that vouchers and requisitions for it were, in one form or another, following the usual course; and that somebody was spending hundreds of thousands in bribing legislators. If the trustees and salaried auditors were unfamiliar with the details of these nefarious transactions, it was only because they deliberately closed their eyes.

Hamilton, however, solemnly declares that the responsible managers of the New York Life cannot avail themselves of even this flimsy pretext of nominal innocence. "The executive officers, one and all," he cried, "were conscious of what the purpose was and what the expense was. When I look around and see their faces before me, I challenge contradiction." "The men who would not know me now would come and pat me on the back and say, 'You did it.'"

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"When they say they didn't know what was going on, it excites my laughter and derision." It also excites the laughter and derision of heaven and earth.

These eminent respectables who openly approved of, or tacitly consented to, Hamilton's operations, clearly enough acted on the principle which he lays down with such precision:

> "The insurance world to-day is the greatest financial proposition in the United States, and, as great affairs always do, it commands a higher law. In defending its rights and its property, you cannot stop to kick every cur that comes along and barks; and if you could sweep them out in other, perhaps mysterious, but honest ways, you are defending and asserting the higher law, which great enterprises have a right to command."

That is, these huge corporations are a sort of all-wise and unscrupulous Providence. Like God himself, they move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform. The ends which they have in view are above and beyond those of ordinary fallible mortals. John Smith, who is worth only $100,000, pays $500 to one or two scalawags in order to buy off a strike bill aimed at his private interests. John Smith is obviously a contemptible scoundrel, who, for the sake of a few dollars, would debauch a commonwealth and poison the very fountains of honor. The New York Life, the Mutual, and the Equitable, which reckon their assets by billions, pay $500,000 to scores of lawmakers in order to buy off strike bills. The insurance companies have, as we all see, risen to the realm of the higher law.

Of course, these "protectors of widows and orphans" plead—to use Hamilton's own phrase—that "Andrew Hamilton was defending the New York Life and the insurance interests generally throughout the United States on behalf of the principles which the officers of the insurance companies believed to be necessary for their success and for the benefit of the policyholders." "The benefit of the policyholders" is a term which we now easily understand—thanks to the relentless questions of Charles E. Hughes and the opposition of Paul Morton and others to some of the most salutary proposals for insurance reform.

Pretty words cannot conceal the ugly deed. Not only insurance companies, but our public and semi-public corporations generally, have coolly assumed that they are amenable to a higher law than that which binds the rest of us puny beings. Hamilton has described the very things which our mighty and reckless captains of industry have been thinking and doing—and has done it with a naïveté which is as exquisite as convincing. His anger is directed not at the system of which he was a part, but at the men who have failed to stand by it, the poltroons who have shifted to his shoulders and those of the late John A. McCall the blame of his "honest" and "necessary" enterprises. He has played the game according to the rules, but they have stacked the cards and "welched" on their bets. He echoes the wail of anguish from Godwin's hero, "If fidelity and honor be banished from thieves, where shall they find refuge upon the face of the earth?"

We lately overheard one well-dressed man say to his neighbor, "Why is it that everybody is getting down on corporations?" Hamilton's railing accusation is a complete answer. Sane men are not "down on corporations," but they tremble for the results of these displays of unrestrained and wicked power. In the work which Hamilton undertook in obedience to the "higher law," in his passionate outburst against the confederates who have thrown him to the wolves in order to save their own skins—sane men recognize the operation of a principle which is fatal to democracy.

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*REFERRED TO THE CONSUMER.*

A "campaign of education," no matter what its subject, means a considerable addition to our mail-bag, and some of the more recent of these accessions have been uncommonly well worth running over. Some one has said that the pure-food bill would mean not a restriction of the people's diet, but the appearance on the grocer's shelves of a large number of articles never heard of before. It is just these articles which, after long years of masquerading as something they are not, now respectfully ask a hearing in their proper persons.

Until the past year, we may say, the attitude of the food-manufacturing interests might be fairly represented about as follows: "The public is full of the most unreasonable prejudices in regard to its diet. We know that such and such preservatives and coloring matters are innocent, but this same stupid public believes them injurious. We know that glucose is not only harmless, but better than other sweetenings for many purposes, but the public will not have it so. We must deceive to a certain extent if we are to carry on at all a business which is entirely legitimate. People who are not capable of deciding justly what is bad for them and what is good, have no claim on the information. But the time will soon come when the men who have taken this attitude are to be forced to bring their claims before this very tribunal, which, with all its prejudices and panics, has a rather notable habit of being right in the long run.

The chief amendments that were made by the House Committee to the Heyburn bill were some that concerned the rights of so-called "blended" or "rectified" liquors. These are products which have hitherto been sold in competition with so-called "straight" whiskeys. No one ever saw a liquor advertisement which called attention to the fact that the product offered was anything but "straight." Such a concoction as Dr. Wiley produced the other day while the House Committee waited, is shuddered at by people who often enough have unwittingly swallowed much the same thing.

We have recently received a highly interesting pamphlet devoted to the proposition that any beverage which is made to taste like whiskey, *is* whiskey to all intents and purposes, and is entitled to the name. The finest "old rye," the writer submits, was unfit to drink when it dripped from the still, and gained its color and flavor only from storage in a charred oak barrel. If charred oak, why not burnt sugar and prune juice? Also, whiskey manufactured in the orthodox way may contain more noxious compounds than that which is frankly made from cologne spirits and flavoring matters. The Committee of Fifty, even, reported that there was no great difference in wholesomeness. If the two products look the same, taste the same, and are equally wholesome, why not take the one which is cheapest? That is the argument briefly put.

The makers and users of chemical preservatives have the same story to tell. At worst it is better to be poisoned by preservatives than by ptomaines, they say, and, as a matter of fact, the acids which have had so much notoriety lately never hurt a child. "An honest examination of the virtues of salicylic acid will show any unbiassed persons that, so far from being injurious to old people, in the majority of instances it could only be a benefit to them, even if administered in very much larger doses than are ever taken in food." This is the doctrine of Dr. R. G. Eccles in a recent monograph on 'Food Preservatives.' The same author undertakes to show that the minimum doses of salicylic or boracic acids are much larger than those prescribed by medical authorities for the characteristic acids of lemons, grapes, and vinegar, so that if the former are dangerous in diluted form, the latter must be far more so. We are already getting this and similar arguments in leaflets intended for wide popular distribution.

It is not our present concern to express an opinion about any of this reasoning, but it is a clear gain for the consumer to hear both sides and have a chance to make up his own mind. Probably the careful man will refer the whole subject to his family physician and act according to his advice. The careless will buy what is cheap and take his chances. The decision is exactly like that which every one has to make regarding the use of tobacco or alcohol. We hardly expect in our time to see any whiskey dealer boasting of the superfine quality of the aniline dyes used to color his wares, nor the canner making the label which indicates the preservative he

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uses any larger, say, than the colored picture on the can. Whether the American palate will ever prefer glucose to honey or maple syrup, is indeed an open question. But if the pure-food agitation has done nothing but bring forth these public arguments and start people thinking a little for themselves, it would have been worth while. In fact, it will do more.

*PASSING-RICH SCHOOL TEACHERS.*

The bulky report which a committee of the National Educational Association, appointed in 1903, has made on the subject of "Salaries, Tenure, and Pensions of Public School Teachers in the United States," is, as its preface states, "not susceptible of satisfactory summarization." Its chief value is as a store of facts, almost brutally specific in statement, and useful for the discussion of school affairs in particular cities rather than for general arguments about the state of our educational systems.

The schools of this country are roughly divided for purposes of study into three groups: city schools, schools in small towns and villages—8,000 population being the dividing line—and ungraded rural schools. Each of these groups embraces something like a third of the total school population. What the tables of this report picture is a descending series from the respectable salaries paid in a few large cities down to a point where so little money is offered that teachers actually cannot be obtained even in communities where the cost of living is lowest. In only four out of forty-eight of the principal cities of this country was the minimum teacher's salary equal to the earnings of street and sewer laborers working fifty weeks in the year, while in the rural schools the committee found instances of salaries so preposterously low that it is hard to decide whether to call them shocking or ridiculous. Orneville, Me., paid $118 for an eighteen weeks' session, Peru, Me., $138 for twenty-eight weeks, or at the rate of $4.93 per week. In Frontier County, Neb., $75 was paid for twelve weeks; in Elkhorn, Ore., $90 for twelve weeks; while some of the Southern States, desperately cramped for school money as they are, pay many salaries still lower, Georgia's minimum of $10 per month for negro teachers marking low water.

With these as the horrible examples, we may extract from the report figures which will carry the comparison up to the largest cities:

AVERAGE SCHOOL SALARIES.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

| No. | Cities Population. | Principals. | Teachers. | Both. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 87. | 8,000- 10,000..... | $633 | $446 | $464 |
| 110. | 10,000- 15,000..... | 680 | 456 | 482 |
| 60. | 15,000- 20,000..... | 733 | 486 | 515 |
| 74. | 20,000- 30,000..... | 794 | 479 | 516 |
| 58. | 30,000- 50,000..... | 922 | 517 | 558 |
| 38. | 50,000- 100,000..... | 1,075 | 572 | 619 |
| 20. | 100,000- 200,000..... | 1,087 | 603 | 648 |
| 16. | 200,000-1,000,000..... | 1,455 | 677 | 732 |
| 8. | Over 1,000,000..... | 2,282 | 906 | 967 |

HIGH SCHOOLS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 87. | 8,000- 10,000..... | $1,174 | $650 | $721 |
| 110. | 10,000- 15,000..... | 1,317 | 709 | 787 |
| 60. | 15,000- 20,000..... | 1,464 | 799 | 869 |
| 74. | 20,000- 30,000..... | 1,691 | 798 | 877 |
| 58. | 30,000- 50,000..... | 1,682 | 850 | 912 |
| 38. | 50,000- 100,000..... | 2,248 | 981 | 1,051 |
| 20. | 100,000- 200,000..... | 2,418 | 1,044 | 1,096 |
| 16. | 200,000-1,000,000..... | 2,685 | 1,230 | 1,287 |
| 8. | Over 1,000,000..... | 3,663 | 1,615 | 1,676 |

The best of these groups do not show what could fairly be called princely remuneration, yet it is certain that the method of averages states the case too favorably. Those few cities which have adopted a more or less generous policy bring up the averages unduly. Thus, while the average salary of elementary school teachers is $1,161 for men and $650 for women, the omission of the four cities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston from the computation brings the average down to $653 for men and $556 for women. As one of the Moseley Commission remarked, American school boards prefer first-rate women to second-rate men, and the largest class concerned in this investigation is that of women teachers in elementary schools. These compose 74 per cent. of the total; and though the average salary, as above stated, is $650, more than nine-tenths of these teachers—reckoning now the cities alone—receive less than that. In the three university cities of Rochester, Syracuse, and New Haven, minimum teachers' salaries were found to be only $300, and in Baltimore, the sixth city of the country, $348.

The large proportion which school expenses bear to the total of local expenditures, is perhaps the chief obstacle to their readjustment on a more enlightened basis. One-fifth of the running expenses of New York city's government, for instance, is for schools, and all but a small fraction is in the salary list. If the payroll of any other department were as large in proportion, there would be a public scandal, and, while the analogy is absolutely false, it is not unnatural that the largest item of the budget should in many places have been deemed a proper subject for retrenchment. The Educational Association report points out the tendency toward creating special funds available for teachers' salaries and nothing else. There are three stages, it says, in the progress toward living salaries for teachers. First comes the raising of particular salaries by special resolution, next the fixed schedule with regular increases with length of service; finally, the "protecting such schedules of salaries against relapse owing to other public demands, which may seem to those who, at the moment, may have the disposition of the community funds, to be of more pressing necessity than the payment of good remuneration to teachers." The fixing of salaries in this city's schools by act of the Legislature and the provision of money for them by a special fixed levy on all taxable property, has often been denounced as a violation of the home-rule principle, but has unquestionably been one of the chief reasons why New York stands so far ahead of all other American cities in such a comparison as is made here.

AN IRISH NOVEL.

DUBLIN, February, 1906.

At present I can think of no abler novel in which Irish character and Irish affairs are treated than 'The Seething Pot," which appeared a few months ago and was noticed in the *Nation*. The author is the Rev. James O. Hannay, an Episcopal clergyman of Westport. He writes under the pseudonym of George A. Birmingham. He lately delivered lectures to mixed audiences in Dublin—one on "Irish Novelists," the other on the "Gaelic League," of which he is an enthusiastic member. He charmed us all by his viva-voce utterances, as he had previously done by his writing. He now gives us another novel, 'Hyacinth' (London: Edward Arnold). I purchased a copy, and scarcely laid it down before I had finished it. In caustic portrayal of characters and of society, where there is so much that is abnormal as there is in Ireland, these novels are unmatched. In both, the hero is more or less of a *Hamlet*, the burthen of whose cry is:

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

In both he retires hopeless from the conflict. All through, there is evinced a surprising knowledge of Irish affairs, and a keen, yet withal tender and pitying, appreciation of our virtues and shortcomings.

Hyacinth Connealy was born some twenty-five years ago in a remote fishing village in the west of Ireland. His father was a dreamy, unpractical clergyman in charge of a small Protestant congregation. His mother died when he was but two years old, and he was brought up by an old crone, consorting with the fishermen and their children. The time came when

"Mr. Connealy awoke to the idea that he must educate his son. He began, naturally enough, with Irish, for it was Irish and not English that Hyacinth spoke fluently. Afterwards the English alphabet followed, though not for the sake of reading books, for, except the Bible and the Prayer-Book, Hyacinth was taught to read no English books. He learned Latin after a fashion, not with nice attention to complexities of syntax, but as a language meant to be used, read, and even spoken now and then to Father Moran."

This Father Moran is a charming old priest, who figures upon several occasions in the narrative. The father and son kept house in a sort of fashion together, gradually abandoning the better rooms to neglect and decay, and living in the kitchen.

"Latin and Greek books . . . took their places among the diminishing array of plates and cups on the kitchen dresser. . . . When room was required on the table for plates, the books and papers were swept to one side. A pile of potatoes, and the pan, with bacon or perhaps a fish still frizzling on it, was set in the place left vacant."

The boy, clad in homespun, goes up to Trinity College to pursue a course of theological study. He is understood and tak-

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en up by Dr. Henry, divinity professor. Reared in an Irish Nationalist atmosphere, he is astonished, on attending a students' prayer-meeting, to find himself face to face with Irish Protestant Jingoism of the most pronounced type. According to the leading clergyman, "the Boers were a psalm-singing but hypocritical nation, addicted to slave-driving. England, on the other hand, was the pioneer of civilization, and the nursing mother of missionary enterprise. It was therefore clear that all good Christians ought to pray for the success of the British arms." The heartfelt practical enthusiasm of the minority for England in the war is graphically described; and, contrasted with the verbal though empty sympathy of the mass of the nation for the Boers, will bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of many self-respecting Irish leaders. Hyacinth, cannot conceal his pro-Boer opinions, is boycotted by his fellow-students, and is thrown for sympathy into outside Gaelic League and Nationalist circles. A leading figure in these circles is Maud Gonne (thinly veiled under the name of Miss Goold, who for so many years occupied a prominent place in Separatist circles here). We are now plunged into the vortex of the Irish question:

"Ever since Pitt and Castlereagh perpetrated their Act of Union, two political parties have struggled together in Ireland. . . . The Protestant party has hitherto been guided and led by the gentry. It has been steadily loyal to England. . . . It has not come well out of the struggle of the nineteenth century. Its Church has been disestablished, its privileges and powers abolished, and the last remnants of its property are being filched from it. . . . The Roman Catholic party has been led by the ecclesiastics. . . . The leaders of this party enter upon the twentieth century in sight of their promised land. If the bishops can secure the continuance of English Government for the next half-century, Ireland will have become the Church's property."

There is concealed under these exaggerated phrases profound truth. Ireland will under any conditions continue Catholic. The "Unionists" are playing the game of Ultramontanism; the Nationalists, of liberal Catholicism, such as is being developed on the Continent and abroad where the people have effective political power.

"Outside both parties there have always been a few men united by no ties of policy or religion, unless, as perhaps we may, we call patriotism a kind of religion. Other lands have been loved sincerely, devotedly, passionately, as mothers, wives, and mistresses are loved. Ireland alone has been loved religiously, as men are taught to love God or the Saints. Her lovers have called themselves Catholic or Protestant; such distinctions have not mattered to these men."

Hyacinth becomes involved in differences between Miss Goold's and the Parliamentary party led by Mr. O'Rourke. (If by this gentleman is meant Mr. Redmond, it is an absurd and unworthy caricature, and a blot on the book.) He is compelled to give up a theological career and to return home. His father's reception of him is pathetic in the extreme. The old man dies suddenly, and Hyacinth is thrown upon the world. Dr. Henry, by letter, urges him to qualify for a curacy in England, where he would soon grow out of the enormity of his political opinions, and where meanwhile they would not be understood. Father Moran entreats him to purchase a fishing-boat, and settle down quietly among his old friends. Miss Goold offers him a post in a small force she has recruited to join the Boers. He decides on the latter course, goes up to Dublin and throws most of his small capital into the cause. He is soon disgusted with the motives and characters of the men among whom he finds himself. Through a somewhat unnatural chance he finds employment as salesman for Mr. Quinn, a woollen manufacturer in the west of Ireland. He there finds a calm retreat for some years. The well-ordered life of his employer's family and of that of a neighboring clergyman, Canon Beecher, is in refreshing contrast to his early home and to the showy, grimy surroundings of his Nationalist friends in Dublin. We, of course, know what is likely to occur when we learn that the Canon has daughters.

The Nemesis of the Irish out-of-jointness follows him. Mr. Quinn manufactures none but genuine Irish tweeds and friezes, for the encouragement of which, and of Irish manufactures of all kinds, the cry is loud on all sides. Those who make most noise and even obtain representative positions as encouragers of home manufactures, secretly favor English goods. Mr. Quinn's business declines. A finishing touch to it is put by a community of nuns who start a woollen factory, and are enabled to undersell him by the wretched wages they pay their workpeople, and the subventions which, through political influence, they are able to obtain from the Government. Mr. Quinn removes to Dublin.

Hyacinth has become engaged to Marion Beecher. Two possible means of livelihood present themselves—work on the *Croppy* newspaper under Miss Goold, or a curacy in England offered by Dr. Henry. He is about to accept the former, for which a necessary qualification is to "hate England and the Empire and everything English, from Parliament to the police-barrack," when in a private interview Canon Beecher impresses him with the incompatibility of such views with any real belief in Christ or His doctrines. The Canon conquers. "As for me," says Hyacinth, "if I have been forced to make a great betrayal [of my political principles], if I am to live hereafter very basely—and I think I am—at least I have not cut myself off from the opportunity of loving Him [Christ]." He weds Marion, obtains the curacy, and settles in England. "He accepted his new duties and performed them without any feeling of enthusiasm, and, after a little while, without any definite hope of doing any good. He got no further in understanding the people he had to deal with, and was aware that even those of them who came most frequently into contact with him, regarded him as a stranger."

The concluding pages of the book are not more cheering or definite as to the future of the principal characters than are those of 'The Seething Pot.' They leave Hyacinth and his wife "dishevelled, dirty, and tired" in Dublin after a night's passage from England, on a short holiday to Ireland. Father Moran is met by chance, and we are given no clue as to whether or not Hyacinth follows out his suggestion that he should occupy his father's old cure, vacant in his native village.

The defect in these charming novels—as in 'The Real Charlotte,' 'The Recollections of an R. M.,' and other brilliant books that of late years have appeared relating to Ireland—is that they are almost purely critical, dissolvent of hope. Their influence upon us in Ireland, tending as they do to show up our faults and weaknesses, and to tone down the acerbity of our differences, is doubtless upon the whole beneficial. But we are not a free people. We are governed largely through the prejudices of outsiders. The tendency of such writings as these is to strengthen their conception of us as naturally unreasonable, inconsequent, unstable, incapable of self-guidance and self-control, who must, out of kindness, be kept in leading-strings. There could not be a more mistaken estimate. We are the children of circumstances. Such altered, as they might be without injury to ourselves or others, life here, public and private, would flow on much as it does in other countries—no better, no worse. Enough of the naturally sweet and reasonable influences of public life run to waste here, and too often to evil, in any one year, sufficient under normal conditions to render happy any country of like population and of like natural capabilities to ours. These are hours of hope, not for bewildering, however brilliant, criticism. They are solemn hours, in which the inmost spirit of thoughtful Irishmen is best voiced by such utterances as Stephen Gwynn's beautiful monody of "Waiting":

"Is this, O Lord, Thy promised dawn,"

etc., which has lately been contributed to the press. D. B.

## LECONTE DE LISLE.

PARIS, March 1, 1906.

Leconte de Lisle is one of the representatives of the modern poetic school of France. He was long the head of those who called themselves the Parnassians; his 'Poèmes Antiques' marked in the history of our modern literature a date, a revolution, almost as important as, fifty years before, had been marked by the 'Génie du Christianisme.' Chateaubriand's work was the beginning of what has been called the Romantic era, that became so illustrious under the reign of Lamartine and of Victor Hugo. The 'Poèmes Antiques' of Leconte de Lisle were in distinct contradiction of the traditions and teachings of the Romantic school. The Romantic poets, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, were essentially lyrical; the beauty of Victor Hugo's dramas does not lie in the dramatic developments, which are often feeble if not improbable and almost absurd, but in the magnificent lyrical parts, which can be detached and admired by themselves. The splendor of the scenery, the costumes, the talent of the actor, are but an envelope of the lyrical beauty.

Leconte de Lisle was the creator of the purely æsthetic school of Hellenism. There is no place in his work for lyrical development, for subjective emotions of any sort. The poet becomes a mere witness of nature; you can read his whole work without knowing anything of him. "The influence of Leconte de Lisle," writes

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M. Brunetière, "has been considerable, as it was particularly exercised on rare disciples, on the chosen disciples, who suffice in everything to maintain and propagate the teachings of a master." He was more than sixty years old when he took his seat at the French Academy in the chair of Victor Hugo (who had invariably given him his solitary vote at all preceding elections); but from the age of twenty he had been the uncontested master of a school of young disciples. He seems to have had a natural gift for leading minds, and his disciples' devotion to him was absolute. M. Coppée, a brother poet, wrote in 1894: "Towards 1866, my comrades and myself used to go every Saturday evening to the house of Leconte de Lisle as believers go to Mecca."

A volume has recently appeared, written by M. Marius Ary Leblond, which gives a complete biography of Leconte de Lisle. It is interesting to enter into the details of the life of one who was so careful in his works to avoid the most distant allusion to himself. His muse was impersonal; she lived apart from the troubles, emotions, and passions of the time. The Parnassian school professed a sort of contempt and almost horror for the passionate Romantic school. The life of Leconte de Lisle, as now told to us, shows a curious contrast between the man and his poetic production. He was born in 1818 at Saint-Paul de la Réunion (called Bourbon at the time). He left the island for France at a very early age, but returned to it at the age of ten, and remained there till 1837. His first impressions were derived from the sea and from the tropical scenery. He spent his youth at Dinan in Brittany, and at Rennes, where he began to study law; but he was not attracted by this severe discipline, and turned to literature. He wrote much verse; he wrote also literary criticism for a provincial review, edited at Rennes, and gave his opinion on the writers of the time, not only in France, but also in England. The titles of some of his articles are worth noticing: "Strophes to Lamennais," "Literary Sketches," "Hoffmann and Fantastic Satire," "Sheridan and Comic Art in England"; "André Chénier and Lyrical Poetry at the End of the Eighteenth Century." He often wrote under a pseudonym. His judgment of Lamartine is rather severe:

"I at last decided to read 'Jocelyn'; I confess that the reading has not been without difficulty. . . . There are charming passages in it, magnificent pages of elevated poetry. The picture of the night, in the Eagle's Grotto, is truly sublime, and one encounters parts exquisite in sentiment; but you must confess, also, that there are long passages which much weaken this charming and incorrect work."

His admiration for Victor Hugo was entire, at the time; he calls him the "regenerating genius." He styles Théophile Gautier, the eccentric author of 'Fortunio' and of the 'Comedy of Death,' a witty "literary lion." His definition of a literary lion is: a writer "qui fait de l'art pour l'art"; and this might afterwards have been applied to himself. Balzac surprises him by his fecundity: "The present time abounds in enigmas of all sorts, as is easily conceivable, for nothing is quite stable yet in politics or in literature; but if there is a problem of which the solution is next to impossible, it is the exhaustless fecundity of M. de Balzac." Madame Sand has his entire praise and admiration; he speaks with enthusiasm of Indiana, of Geneviève, those "frank angels," those "charming and frail flowers," of Lélia, "a sublime spirit, a ray of her genius." She seduced him by her intense love of nature; her heroines are well forgotten, but her descriptions are still readable. He was very republican in sentiment, and so was Madame Sand; this community of political aspirations was another tie between them.

In these early essays we find not only literary judgments: Leconte de Lisle gives also his philosophical and social views. He wrote for a Catholic review, and could not well disagree with its religious tendencies; but he showed that he considered Christianity a system of morals, a philosophical creation. These independent views, however, were only in germ in his early writings. The review in which they appeared did not live more than a year; it ceased to appear in March, 1841. Leconte de Lisle returned to his law studies. In 1843 he left Nantes in a sailing vessel for the Isle of Bourbon. He became for a time á lawyer, but felt very solitary, and applied himself to philosophical and social studies. He began to read the *Démocratie Pacifique*, a paper founded by Victor Considérant, and became imbued with the ideas of the socialist school of the *Phalanstère*. He entered into correspondence with some of the writers for that paper, and, returning to Paris in 1845, himself became one of its contributors. At the same time, he gave sundry poems to a Fourierite paper, *La Phalange*, which have not been republished.

After the Revolution of 1848, he took a prominent part in the abolition of slavery in the French colonies. His father suppressed the small allowance which he sent him, and he was obliged to give lessons in Greek and Latin, and to make translations. He was sent as a delegate of the Provisional Government to Brittany, but had not much success in trying to reconcile the Bretons to the new Government. "You can hardly imagine," he writes from Dinan, "the state of stolidity, ignorance, natural brutality, of this unfortunate Brittany. . . . It is as clear as day that the Revolution will be cheated; the Assembly will be composed of bourgeois and of royalists. . . . How stupid the people is!" The poet adds: "This does not hinder me from living on intellectual heights, in the calm, in the serene contemplation of divine forms. There is a great tumult at the base of my brain, but its higher part knows nothing of casual happenings." Leconte de Lisle paints himself exactly in this phrase: he does not profit much by what he calls casual happenings. His *milieu* is the revolutionary world of 1848. During the terrible insurrection of June, 1848, writes Madame Dornis (a lady who saw much of him in the latter part of his life), he was observed on the barricades in company with Paul de Flotte! The two friends carried powder to the insurgents; they fought. One day Leconte de Lisle was arrested in a little street of the Faubourg St.-Germain; he had powder in his pockets, and was put in prison. "For forty-eight hours, the longest of my life," he said, "I remained in prison; but they had left me my books, and I continued to translate Homer."

After the *coup d'état* of Louis Bonaparte he became thoroughly disgusted with politics: "I cannot express the anger which burns my heart at witnessing, in my impotence, this murder of the Republic which was the sacred dream of our life. . . . The popular masses are stupid; the Counter-Revolution is in power. France is dishonored in Europe, and we have no more blood in our veins." After the fall of the Empire there appeared a volume of 'Papiers Secrets et Correspondance du Second Empire' in which was a note, showing that Napoleon III. had paid Leconte de Lisle a pension of 3,600 francs since the month of July, 1864. The poet's friends were much disconcerted. The pension had been obtained through the influence of Madame Cornu, a personal friend of the Emperor. This revelation made a great noise at the time. Leconte de Lisle wrote to a friend: "A fatal necessity obliged me to accept the offer made me, for my allowance from the Isle of Bourbon was not paid, and I had to take charge of my mother. I had to choose between the life and the death of my people. I sacrificed myself." The Republic was generous and maintained the pension, adding to it the post of Librarian of the Senate. Leconte de Lisle was elected a member of the French Academy on the 31st of March, 1887, at the age of sixty-nine years, and died in 1894.

M. Leblond's volume is a perpetual apotheosis of Leconte de Lisle; its interest lies chiefly in the facts and dates it contains. It would give but an imperfect idea of the poet to those who had not read his works; but it may take its place among the numerous articles and reviews which have had Leconte de Lisle for their subject. The translations of the great Greek and Latin poets by Leconte de Lisle can be highly commended for their admirable exactitude; and his two volumes, 'Poèmes Barbares,' 'Poèmes Antiques,' have pages which will always be remembered.

# Correspondence.

## A NEW SOCIETY WANTED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The late ghastly disaster on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, after many not much smaller ones on other American roads, "must give us pause." Other evils in the United States have been remedied by movements which began with the starting of a society for that sole end—for instance, slavery. It is my ambition to start an American Association for Putting an End to Railroad Wrecks. They are a disgrace to the United States, being more frequent and more deadly here than in any other country in the world. The reasons for the frequency of these horrors are well known: one is the public's preference for speed over its own safety; the other is the preference of the railroad managers for big profits over the safety of crews and of passengers. The sparse population in the South and West prevents such precautions as double tracks which make head-on collisions impossible, and many other contrivances nearly as expensive as the double

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track; but slower travel would easily make up for the lack of them. In more densely settled parts of the country all the precautions that are taken by British, French, and German roads could be easily introduced, but the railroad management finds it cheaper to pay damages occasionally for the loss of life and limb than to prevent such loss. There is a simple remedy for this: the law should impose such heavy liability for the loss of life, for mutilation or sufferings, caused by clearly proved neglect (and a collision is always the result of neglect), as to make a disaster like the late one near Denver equal to the bankruptcy of the road.

The work of a society for stopping railroad wrecks should thus have a double aspect: first, to educate the travelling public into a preference for safety over speed; second, to strive for such legislation, both State and Congressional, as will force the railroad managements to put freedom from disaster above the desire for heavy receipts and big dividends.

My name is not too unknown and obscure to figure in originating a great movement like this: any one can find it in 'Who's Who' and some other national biographies. What I propose is this: Let those who, like myself, feel the importance of such a movement and who read these lines, either in the *Nation* or in any of the newspapers or periodicals that may copy them, give me by letter or postal card their names, with occupation and post-office address; and as soon as one hundred names are received I shall have them printed and forward the lists to all those sending their names—that is, to the founders of the new society, so that they may agree on a place of meeting and a plan of organization.

Louisville is among the greater cities of the United States nearest to the centre of population, and might do very well for the first place in which to meet for organization.

Very respectfully,

LEWIS N. DEMBITZ.

LOUISVILLE, March 18, 1906.

## POOR RICHARD'S POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The verses which served to enliven the pages of 'Poor Richard's Almanack' (1733-1758) were collected and edited, in 1890, by Paul Leicester Ford. On the title-page they are called "Poems of Benjamin Franklin." In the introduction the editor quotes Franklin's own statement, "I need not tell thee that many of them are of my own making," and adds that he has "been able to identify but one or two pieces as from other pens." Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in a longer list of the great man's borrowings.

The verses for June, July, and August, 1733, are clipped from Dryden's translation of Virgil's first Georgic. The lines for May, "My love and I for kisses play'd," were written by William Strode (1602-1645). They are quoted in Ashton's 'Humour, Wit and Satire of the Seventeenth Century,' from 'Witts Recreations,' London, 1640. So are half of Poor Richard's verses for May, 1734. The couplet for December, 1734, "Is't not enough," etc., is from Young's 'Love of Fame,' Sat. v.

The introductory verses for 1736, "Presumptuous man," etc., and the verses for March, are from Pope's 'Essay on Man.'

The lines for February, 1737, and for November, 1738, appear in a volume of 'Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands,' published by D. Lewis, London, 1726. The epigram for May, 1737, is from William Walsh.

The lines for April, 1738, 'The Old Gentry,' are adapted from Prior's poem of the same title.

The lines for June, 1739, 'On his late Deafness,' are conveyed from Swift's 'Complaint on his own Deafness.'

For 1740, nine pieces of verse (76 lines in all) are clipped from Gay's 'Fables.'

For 1741, five pieces are taken from Gay's 'Fables,' and three from Swift's 'Strephon and Chloe.'

In 1743, the February verses are Prior's 'Democritus and Heraclitus.'

In 1744, the twenty lines entitled 'The Country Man' are Pope's 'Ode on Solitude.' The June verses are taken from Pope's 'Essay on Criticism,' the lines for August from Pope's 'January and May.' The April and July verses are from Thomson's 'Summer.'

For 1745, five pieces are clipped from Pope's 'Essay on Man,' and one from Pope's 'Moral Essays.' The ten lines for June are from Lyttelton, 'An Epistle to Mr. Pope' (from Rome, 1730). The lines for July are from Armstrong's 'Art of Preserving Health,' Bk. iii.

In 1746, ten pieces (a total of 76 lines) are taken from Young's 'Love of Fame.' In 1747 eight pieces, and in 1750 six more, are taken from the same poem. (It was in his preface for 1747 that Franklin stated that many of these verses were his own.)

In 1751, the April and June verses are adapted from Gay's 'Trivia.'

In 1752, all the verses for the year, 'On Public Spirit,' are taken from Richard Savage, 'Of Public Spirit in regard to Public Works.' Some of the lines are changed to fit local conditions.

There are a good many other poems, especially in the later issues of the Almanack, which are probably not original. Perhaps some one who has special knowledge of eighteenth-century literature will help to identify them, and throw some further light upon Franklin's course of reading. In some cases one finds a very familiar sentiment or situation, without being able to say just who is responsible for its present form. For example, the verses for October, 1742, and May, 1743, come, through some channel, from Horace, Odes, ii. 10 and iv. 7. The simile for October, 1734, seems to come from Horace, Ars Poet., 304, and the epigram for November, 1734, from Martial, i. 38. The situation set forth for June, 1734, is the subject of the first story in 'L'Élite des Contes du Sieur d'Ouville,' and the story for March, 1741, is merrily told in Montaigne, 'Essais,' ii. 32.

WILFRED P. MUSTARD.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, March 17, 1906.

## LOWELL AND MEREDITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent in the last *Nation* calls attention to the fact that Mr. Lowell gave to the Harvard University Library in 1885 a copy of George Meredith's Poems which the author had given him but two years before.

In answer to this it is only fair to notice that in 1885, when Mr. Lowell came home from Europe after an absence of eight years, his own house was leased, and he did not occupy it again for a considerable time. It seems but natural, then, that, in providing for the accumulations of those eight years, he should decide to give the books to the Harvard Library for use and safekeeping; and it should not be considered a test of his estimate of them, as your correspondent intimates, that he should so dispose even of authors' gifts.

E. L.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 18, 1906.

# Notes.

'A History of Architecture,' in three volumes, by Russell Sturgis, is announced by the Baker & Taylor Co., volume one being set down to appear in the autumn, and the others at short intervals. Each will contain nearly 500 illustrations in half-tone and line, with select plates by the carbon-gravure process.

McClure, Phillips & Co. have nearly ready 'The Meaning of Good,' by G. Lowes Dickinson.

'Consumption: Its Relation to Man and his Civilization,' by John Bessner Huber, M.D., is in the press of J. B. Lippincott Co.

The spring announcements of George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, include a 'Life of Frederick Douglass,' by Booker Washington; 'The Battles of Labor,' by Carroll D. Wright, ex-United States Commissioner of Labor; 'The Literary History of Philadelphia,' by Ellis P. Oberholtzer; and 'The Rambles of an Idler,' by Dr. Charles C. Abbott.

A 'Russian Reader,' from the French of Profs. Paul Boyer and N. Speranski, by Samuel N. Harper, is just issuing from the University of Chicago Press.

Antiquarians will be interested in a forthcoming book, on 'The Ancient Crosses and Holy Wells of Lancashire,' by Henry Taylor, F.S.A. (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes). In order to accomplish his task thoroughly, he has not only devoted much time to personal investigation of the localities, but has made a minute study of the ordnance maps and of numerous documents bearing on the history of the district from the invasion of the Northmen to the dissolution of the monasteries, and indeed to the days when the municipal authorities triumphed over the monks, and when the Jacobin market-cross, the successor of others on the same site, became the centre of commercial prosperity. Attention will be drawn to the numerous natural fastnesses—*e. g.*, the rock in Manchester at the junction of the Irk and the Irwell—seized upon for purposes of defence not merely in the Stone, Iron, and Bronze Ages, but in Roman and post-Roman times. There will also be notes on the pre-Reformation churches and monastic institutions and the superstitions of the county. The illustrations, one hundred and forty in number, will include maps to a large scale of the six Lancashire hundreds (Leyland, Blackburn, West Derby, Amounderness, Lonsdale, and Salford), showing the course of the rivers, the strongholds, the position of

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the crosses, etc. The edition will be limited to two hundred and fifty-five copies.

The death of Miss Susan B. Anthony is announced as we turn the pages of a new edition of Mill's 'Subjection of Women' (Longmans), edited by Dr. Stanton Coit, who avowedly offers it as a revived weapon for the British Women's Suffrage Movement. Working women having begun to be drawn into the agitation, Dr. Coit has made this volume inexpensive, and has prefixed the argument in outline, which any reader may be glad to avail himself of. At the end the editor reviews the disabilities of women in Mill's day and at the present, with the conclusion that there has been relatively little change. His other remarks are eminently restrained and judicious.

We noticed with approval last autumn A. Harold Unwin's 'Future Forest Trees; or, The Importance of the German Experiments in the Introduction of North American Trees'—British experiments as well. A. Wessels Company are now introducing this not bulky work to the American market.

Five years ago we reviewed M. Victor Bérard's 'L'Angleterre et l'Impérialisme,' and it is a proper tribute to the solid character of this work, well supplied with official documents, that an Englishman now translates it, viz., H. W. Foskett, M. A., Oxon., under the title, 'British Imperialism and Commercial Supremacy.' It is very handsomely brought out by Messrs. Longman. In spite of the recent general election, this must be thought a timely anti-Chamberlain tract (300 pages octavo).

A famous Puritan tract, Nathaniel Ward's 'The Simple Cobler of Agawam,' has been fitly added as No. 14 to the Publications of the Ipswich (Mass.) Historical Society. The edition followed is the fourth London, of 1647, and the title-page and some other portions are reproduced in facsimile, while the text is a literal transcript in antique fashion. This is followed by some account of the eminent author, and a summary of the pedantic farrago, in which religious intolerance and political independence jostle each other. Ipswich men have not a monopoly of interest in this local product, and every public library should seek to obtain a copy.

Dodd, Mead & Co. publish a volume of papers and addresses by Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, about one-third of which deal with the founding and early years of the Johns Hopkins University and give the volume its title, 'The Launching of a University.' The chapters of this portion of the book appeared in large part as contributions to *Scribner's* and the *Century*, two or three years ago, and received some notice in these columns at the time. The remainder is devoted to educational addresses delivered on various occasions, such as the Yale Bi-Centennial, the dedication of the Princeton Library building in 1898, and the inauguration of President Wheeler of the University of California. A fine picture of Dr. Gilman, dated 1905, forms the frontispiece, and indicates a mind and physique still good for years of profitable endeavor.

In addition to Professor Harrison's outline 'History of Greece,' which formed the opening volume of the "Story of the Nations" series, Messrs. Putnam concluded that the subject merited a more detailed treatment. The work was accordingly put into the hands of Dr. E. S. Shuckburgh, and the first of his two volumes has just appeared, covering the time from the coming of the Hellenes—not definitely dated, of course—down to the death of Augustus. In accordance with better ideas of relative importance, the emphasis is thrown upon political, intellectual, and artistic development rather than the vicissitudes of military operations.

From the Macmillan Co. we have a volume of 'Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship,' by J. G. Frazer, D.C.L. The theory of the evolution of kingship out of the primitive institution of magic, as developed in these lectures, will appear, we are told, as part of the author's well-known 'Golden Bough,' a third edition of which is promised for the near future. As Mr. Frazer's studies in this subject are there to be set forth in fuller form, it seems best to defer elucidation or criticism until the additional material shall be at hand.

We receive from Lemcke & Buechner a copy of Otto Jespersen's 'Growth and Structure of the English Language' (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner), which we have lately characterized as a very suggestive and stimulating little book. We hope the author may yet achieve the companion volume contemplated on page 246, discussing "how one form of English came to be taken as standard in reference to dialects," "all the problems connected with that pseudo-historical and anti-educational abomination, the English spelling," "provincialisms, cockneyisms, and vulgarisms," "Pidgin-English and Negro-English," etc.

Mr. James Schouler's 'Law of the Domestic Relations' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) is an abridgment of the author's well-known larger work upon this subject, and "makes use, besides, of the lecture notes used by him for twenty years or more as a law-school professor." It cites over twenty-five hundred cases, and will be found a convenient manual for students. A companion volume, by the same author, on the 'Law of Bailments,' is also issued by the same house. This, too, is based on the author's larger work. Special prominence is given to the topics of Pledge and Carriers.

The opening chapter of Dr. Victor Tourneur's 'Histoire des Études Celtiques' is introductory, dealing with the history of the Celtic races, their languages, ancient and modern, the sources of their literature, and the Pan-Celtic movement. In the remaining two hundred pages this author discusses the state of learning in Ireland and Wales from the earliest times to the present day, the work of Gaelic, Manx, Cornish, and Breton scholars, etc. There are also chapters on current theories as to the Celts and their languages, on Celtic philology, and on the teaching of Celtic. The book may be had on application to the author, at 98 Rue Defacqz, Saint-Gilles, Bruxelles, Belgium.

How many years ago would a "Finding List of Music" have seemed a surprising novelty in a public library's apparatus? Not many. Such a list comes to us from the Worcester (Mass.) Free Public Library, and fills with the index nearly 100 pages. Its shortcomings, of course, are those of the collection to which it furnishes a key, but they do not seriously impair its utility in any other library.

Lemcke & Buechner send us parts 29-40 of the new (third) edition of 'Meyer's Geographischer Hand-Atlas,' of whose commendable qualities we have spoken from time to time. These parts are occupied solely with the index; so here is one more convenient and copious little gazetteer of names, handy for reference without regard to the maps on which it is based.

The weight of illustration in the March number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* is given to the enlarged Harvard Club building in this city, along with an account of the celebration at the opening last December. But there is a pleasant innovation in two portraits of Continental lecturers contributing to the international exchange now firmly established—one of Wilhelm Ostwald, the other of Anatole le Braz. Of interest also is a plan of the college grounds and vicinity, with red coloring for buildings erected within twenty years. The Radcliffe College group is here very conspicuous, as it is to the eye of every visitor to Cambridge.

Now that the cessation of war allows the Japanese Government a free hand in Korea, the lawless and irresponsible subjects of the Mikado are seeking cover, while the forces of order are being rapidly organized for efficiency. The *Seul Press Weekly* tells of sixty-nine unemployed Japanese summoned to give account of themselves. Twenty-nine were ordered to leave the country at once, and the others received their first warning to get to work. The Japanese military administration under Gen. Hasegawa ceased on January 31, and the Marquis Ito, with his staff and subordinates, began civil government. In all places where there were consuls, Japanese, and in all others Korean, police authority will prevail. A Japanese customs cruiser and a commission for the codification of the laws are actively at work. The opportunities of unprincipled low-class Japanese for spoliation of the native peasantry are likely to be greatly curtailed. On the 25th of January, at the American Hospital for Women, in Seul, the first native Korean trained nurses were graduated. They received not only their certificates, but, as is eminently proper in the land which has a unique language and etiquette of headgear, their caps. Under the inspection of the former chief of police in Nagasaki, the Korean prisons are receiving attention and reform. The one-garment and one-meal-a-day system, with no beds, and the detention of prisoners without trial—some of them for ten years—is to give way to the Japanese system, which of late years has been reorganized after the models in Elmira and Concord and the best examples in Europe.

The near-Eastern question was the subject of a characteristic speech by Mr. Bryce at a dinner given in his honor in London, February 23, at which were present the ministers of Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia, and a member of the French Senate. He began by decrying the narrow view that the duty of a great nation was confined to the protection of its own interests. He was brought up to think that it was one of the first duties of a British citizen to be interested in the cause of liberty and human-

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ity elsewhere. While he could not approve a war from the mere hope of ameliorating conditions in a foreign country, he held that a government, provided it was the sentiment and will of the people, should exert its power and influence on behalf of humanity and justice, and he believed that the British, French, and Italian peoples were willing that their Governments should act so now. The regeneration of the East would be effected, in his opinion, by the erection of the nations in the Turkish Empire into states, and, from the capacity shown by these peoples and their powerful individuality, he hoped that each nation would produce some new and distinctive type of civilization proper to its peculiar character and gifts. It would be a happy consummation, a cheering result to follow after so many centuries of misery, and it would be an honor and glory to the free peoples of Italy, France, and England if they could be associated with that work.

Prof. Ulrich Wilcken, easily the leading German papyrus authority, fills forty pages in the January issue of *Hermes* with the particulars of a surprising and valuable find he has made. He put together forty pieces, large and small, of a papyrus making a document twenty-three centimetres long by eighteen centimetres wide. The language of the writing is Greek, and the skill of the investigator has succeeded in finding in it a fragment of a hitherto unknown source for the history of the Second Punic War, and that, too, a source of the first quality, namely, the work known as the 'Deeds of Hannibal,' composed by Sosylos, the war companion, secretary, and language teacher of the great Carthaginian general. This fragment belongs to the papyri collection of the University of Würzburg, having been bought for this collection by Dr. Prym, the professor of mathematics in that institution. The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* says we may believe Wilcken when he avers that it was hard for him "librum non scribere" on his discovery.

The tenth International Congress of Geologists has been called to convene in the city of Mexico on the 6th of September, 1906. Sr. José G. Aquilera will be the chairman, and Sr. Eziquael Ordony the general secretary. The official programme announces a number of excursions in connection with the convention, as also the four leading topics to be discussed. Applications are to be addressed to the general secretary; membership tickets cost $4.

—A correspondent writes us from Florence under date of March 7:

"*La Nazione* of yesterday had little on its first page except long and appreciative notices of two remarkable Englishwomen, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the centenary of whose birth it was, and Jessie White Mario, who had died the day before, and whose body was to be carried in the afternoon to the crematory at Trespiano. At four o'clock a crowd stood in front of the house where she had lived, No. 125 Via Romana, and half an hour later a hearse, completely covered with flowers—callas, orchids, an immense wreath of violets, roses, lilies-of-the-valley—gifts from Signora Mario's pupils in the Istituto di Magistero Femminile, where she had been a teacher, from the city of Florence, and from various societies and friends, moved slowly down the narrow street, followed first by the hundred schoolgirls who had sent red and white roses and green palms to symbolize Italy. Behind them walked a group of distinguished men, and the procession was closed by Garibaldian and workingmen's societies carrying banners. It went from the Via Romana into the Via Maggio, where the tablet that marks Casa Guidi had been wreathed with flowers by order of the mayor in honor of Elizabeth Browning, and the English and Italian flags hung side by side; then across the Arno, by the Ponte Santa Trinità, to the Porta San Gallo on the other side of the city. There it stopped, and Prof. Pasquale Villari and Professor Eccher spoke words of farewell. Professor Villari said: 'She had only one ideal, only one affection: the love of Italy, and the worship of those who lived and died for our country. . . . In 1859 and afterwards, she was on all of Garibaldi's battlefields, caring for the wounded, whom she collected together under the enemy's fire. She always showed so much courage that Garibaldi decorated her with military honors. When the battles were over, when Garibaldi retired to Caprera, she began to write the lives of the Italian patriots. . . . All these works cost her much labor, and gave her little or no money. Her only object, and her only reward, were the glory and honor of Italy, which she loved and admired above every other nation, and for which alone she wished to live and die. . . . Her place is among the saints and heroes of our Revolution, and her epitaph may well be: "She lived and died for Italy and for duty."' *Il Nuovo Giornale*, a new daily paper of much promise, says: 'She is followed by the loving thoughts and gratitude of the younger generation of Italy, for whom she hoped, fought, and suffered so much. *Fieramosca's* notice ends with: 'The reverent salute of every Italian is paid to her sacred memory; and the gratitude of all those who feel the love of country and admire while living and mourn when dead the noble, brave Englishwoman, heroically faithful to Italy.' *La Vita* (Rome) and *Il Corriere* have appreciative personal reminiscences."

—The 'History of All Nations' (Philadelphia: Lea), to which some time ago we devoted a long article, has advanced from its tenth to its fourteenth volume. Chronologically, the tract thus covered extends from the beginning of the Reformation to the middle of the eighteenth century—the outbreak of theological disturbance forming the subject of Vol. XI; the religious wars, of Vol. XII; Louis XIV. and his era, of Vol. XIII; and the balance of power, of Vol. XIV. The author to whom we are indebted for all four volumes, is Dr. Martin Philippson, a thoroughly competent authority so far as statement of essential facts is concerned, and a more enlivening writer than some of his predecessors in the same series. For the Lutheran period and the era of the Thirty Years' War, the illustrations seem particularly good, while as we advance farther and farther into modern times the narrative becomes sufficiently detailed to embrace topics which lie outside the beaten path of political epitome. A good deal of the material here employed has been drawn from the author's previous works, but not in a slavish way nor in such wise as to catch the notice of any one save the professional student. Those who are already familiar with the views which Dr. Philippson holds regarding the agencies of the Catholic Reaction, will be interested to see whether, in a series designed for popular use, he will employ a colorless style of statement or give free vent to his private opinions. Actually, he has followed the latter course, as may be seen from his account of the Jesuits. "'Loyola cared less,' said his secretary, Father Polanco, 'for natural goodness than for firmness of character and aptness for affairs, in those who wished to join this Society; for he was of opinion that men not qualified for public affairs were not suited to the work of our Society.' Piety evidently was of slight value in what concerned the temporal interests of the Company. In an official document, Polanco, in the name of his General, requires of the novice 'good natural endowments and capacity, either for science or for external good works'; he wants young men of fine appearance, of an agreeable exterior, 'as our mode of life and our relation to our neighbours demand.' Not a word about genuine piety as a condition for those who ask to join the Company. Intelligence, worldly wisdom and a fair exterior are what Loyola requires." We quote this passage simply to show how Dr. Philippson approaches one of the most controverted subjects in an era which bristles with acute theological disputes. He certainly has not sought to mask the nature of his convictions, but, as the foregoing excerpt will show, he makes a point of giving the grounds for his judgment in any given case. Of the volumes in this series which are still to appear, several have been written by American historians like the late John Fiske and Professor Andrews.

—We had just read in E. W. Prevost's 'Supplement to the Glossary of the Dialect of Cumberland' (H. Frowde), among the "similes current in the county," "Drunk as a potter (the last stage of drunkenness)," when a New York daily paper reported the potters of Trenton, N. J., to be the special objects of temperance reform at the present moment. "Drunk as a hatter" is current on the eastern border of the same State. "Blewd," by the way, is Cumberland for slewed. In old farmhouses the ground floor consisted of "the kitchen, into which the front door opened, and the *parlor*, formerly called the Bower, also opening into the kitchen, and both facing the south. The parlor was the room in which the master and mistress slept." If, now, we turn to a recent work of Mr. Waters's on colonial Ipswich (Mass.), we read (p. 23): "There were but two rooms on the main floor, the 'hall' and the parlor, and entrance to them was made from an entry in the middle of the house. The 'hall' of the old Puritan house was the 'kitchen' of the next century. . . . It was the living-room." The parlor was the "fine-room" or spare bedroom, but sometimes it was the sleeping-place of the owner. In 1646, Joseph Morse willed "the bed and all the bedding he lyeth on, standing in the parlor." Sitting or reception room it was not, on either side of the Atlantic.

—The Glossary affords the usual instruction in country customs, many as obsolete as gross. Nearly extinct is the indigenous Greyhound Fox, whose existence is mentioned by Bewick. Perhaps the most unexpected meaning for a familiar expression is shown in "horse sense," signifying acquisitiveness. Some French influences are remarked in the dialect, and the want of the genitive in *s* is at least parallel to a grave defect in French as compared with English. The word "ask" is seldom if ever used; one is "bidden out" or "speered for." And "throw" is similarly avoided. "'At" (that) replaces who, which, whom. Final *gh* is apt to be pronounced *f*, and so dough is sounded "duff." *H* is variously aspirated, in and out of place. "'Bessy, boil me a hegg.' 'Father, you should have said an egg.' 'Then gang and boil me two neggs.'"

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*K* "was formerly pronounced at the commencement of words like knit, knap, and knot." A grammar of the dialect is contributed by S. Dickson Brown, a member of the Philological Society. This connection should have saved him, at page 10, from going counter to the Society's new English (Oxford) Dictionary, when explaining the idiom "I had rather." He is still in the bog of "I would [I'ld] rather."

—The twelfth part of the "Anecdota Oxoniensia, Mediæval and Modern Series," contains an edition and translation by Professor Kuno Meyer of the "Cáin Adamnáin," an early Irish treatise on the law of Adamnan. The document is of much interest, both to the Celtic grammarian and to the student of early Irish institutions. It belongs to that class of texts, now known to be numerous, which, though preserved in mediæval or even in modern manuscripts, are proved by their language to have been written in the Old Irish period. In this instance the two existing manuscripts date from the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, respectively, and are both ultimately derived from a lost Book of Raphoe of uncertain age. The composition of the treatise itself, however, is probably to be assigned to the ninth century. The linguistic difficulties, which are usually considerable in the texts thus preserved, have been adequately dealt with by the experienced editor in his notes and glossary. Dr. Meyer has also done a good deal for the historical elucidation of the material, though he has been compelled by illness to abandon for the present his purpose of writing a systematic introduction on this phase of the subject. It is earnestly to be hoped that he may soon be able to resume the task. The treatise as it stands is clearly a mixture of historical and legendary elements, and an analysis of the underlying documents would make an interesting contribution to an important period of Irish ecclesiastical history. It will be remembered that the Law of Adamnan (best known, perhaps, as the "Lex Innocentium") was promulgated during the time of controversy about Roman and Celtic usages in the Irish Church.

## HALDANE'S DESCARTES.

*Descartes:* His Life and Times. By Elizabeth S. Haldane. E P. Dutton & Co. 8vo, pp. xxviii., 398.

The facts which render Descartes interesting to us of to-day, may be summarized under three heads. First, modern philosophists are substantially unanimous in reckoning him as the founder of modern philosophy. Secondly, some of those who are most competent to judge of such a matter, tell us that his vast influence in philosophy is closely connected with the fact that, in an age of great mathematicians, he was either the second or nearly of that rank. That is, he cannot be compared with Fermat, but his power was not far from that of Desargues. He was particularly helpful in mathematics, for it was he who gave analytical geometry to the public, went far toward settling the signs of algebra, and gave a useful rule about algebraic equations.

The third class of facts which stimulate our curiosity concerning Descartes consists of sundry characteristics of the man which seem almost inexplicably at odds with the first two. It is staggering to common sense to find metaphysicians ranking Descartes so very high, and yet denying almost everything that he pronounced to be mathematically evident. What he plumes himself upon most and almost exclusively is his institution, for inquiry into any subject, of a method which, as he maintains, perforce must absolutely exclude all danger of falling into error; and yet almost every scientific proposition to the truth of which this method led him, and which, because it so resulted, he insists is as certain as that twice two is four, is now seen to be wildly false. Such is his notion that "the brutes" have no feeling, and may be vivisected as unconcernedly as one would saw through a log; that a vacuum is unthinkable, and that consequently our universe must be unlimited; that the movements of the planets are determined by vortices or whirls in the ether; that light is a material substance, resistance to the translation of which determines the law of refraction; that colliding bodies must behave in a way in which the fact is that no bodies really do. One is further surprised to find that so great a man seemed unable to see any merit in the work of Galileo, and was so disgusted with his denials of Scripture truth that he took no interest in his work; that he could see no mark of genius in the discovery by the boy Blaise Pascal of that hexagram from which all the properties common to conic sections can be deduced; and that he even affected to look down upon the works of Fermat, of Vieta, and of Desargues.

The most surprising thing of all, however, in a mind of such unquestionable power and greatness, is that Descartes seems to have been continually engaged, and that very successfully, in deceiving himself. Thus, he plainly regarded himself as the only philosopher worthy of that name that ever lived; and yet it seems impossible that, after eight years in perhaps the most admirable Jesuit college there ever was, he should not have been perfectly aware that his famous *Je pense, donc je suis* was taken entire out of St. Augustine's 'De Civitate Dei,' or 'De Anima,' or 'De Quantitate Animæ,' for its substance, as the form of the 'Discours de la Méthode' and of the 'Meditationes' is imitated from the 'Confessiones'; nor that he should have been totally unconscious of how far he availed himself of the results of Galileo, of Thomas Harriotts, and others whom he ignores. It would seem that at two different times he persuaded himself that he had made an absolutely clean sweep from his own mind of every vestige of belief in everything; for we cannot think that the inconsistent narratives in the 'Discours' and in the 'Meditationes' refer to the same occasion. And yet each time his definite purpose—as he would have hotly maintained it to be, had it been questioned, and as he distinctly states in the dedication of the 'Meditationes'—was to put certan predesignate propositions of theology beyond question. As long as this universal and absolute doubt lasted (for he apparently had no doubt at all that in a month or two, at the most, it would be over), he decided that it would certainly be best for him to continue in all respects to conduct himself as if he retained his old belief; as if it were possible for a man for days to keep up, without fail, a line of conduct about all things without the slightest belief in the advantage of such conduct—always, for example, using the tongs to stir his fire, instead of his fingers, though he had utterly dismissed all belief that fire would burn his fingers. One of the provisional rules that he adopted for his guidance during his period of doubt was that he should firmly and resolutely adhere in his conduct to the effect of each and every item of his former beliefs, no matter how utterly improbable it might be shown to be, so long as it was not mathematically demonstrated to be false! Verily, had he included among his doubts a very strong doubt whether he really was doubting the while, his state of mind would have been less childish. The last part of his life was devoted to the study of physiology and medicine, entirely without books, as was his wont, with no view to any publication, but simply to prolong his own life. Yet he died of pneumonia at fifty-four, probably in consequence of his obstinate opposition to the physician whom he had called in.

Such are the facts that excite our curiosity about Descartes. We want to know, first of all, better than anybody has yet told us, what the particular character of his mathematical genius was; and then, what relation there was between his mathematical thought and his philosophy. We want to know what all our hand-books of the history of philosophy, except Hoefding's, leave very mysterious (and even that does not sufficiently explain), wherein and whereby he is the founder of all modern philosophy. We want as detailed a picture as possible of the wilful and irrational element of the man, or of whatever else it may have been that seems such, together with all that seems wise and practical; and after the facts have been given, we want to see them treated by scientific psychology, so that we may gain a comprehension of the make-up of this extraordinary intellect. We want to know with the utmost minuteness about the education of the boy and of the man.

On the other hand, there are facts which restrict our curiosity, or give it special directions. Descartes took not the slightest interest either in scientific politics or in the political and ecclesiastical movements of his times, excepting so far as they might have a bearing upon his own security, peace, and dignity, and, further, excepting a lively interest in some sieges and perhaps other military operations. Consequently, Miss Haldane's chapters on the general history of his "times," however interesting in themselves (and really they tell us nothing that we have not often read before), connect themselves only in their most general outlines with Descartes. He was a bachelor, and a thorough one. After he had devoted himself to philosophy he lived in more than seclusion, changing his domicile every few months from one Dutch town or village to another, and giving as his address some place sufficiently distant from where he really lived, whence letters could be forwarded to him. He used to lie abed till noon, doing his thinking. The rest of the day he spent in writing and in amusing himself in his solitary fashion, often doubtless at the

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gaming-table. He took care always to have one good correspondent in Paris, for scientific and other correspondence, another at Leyden for business, and so on. The only ones in whom we are quite assured that he took a real personal interest were two royal ladies. This known, we do not particularly care in what precise order of succession he made his different abodes.

The narrative of the events of his life was told in two volumes with all-sufficient accuracy by the industrious Adrien Baillet in 1691, from information assiduously collected by an Abbé Legrand (or perhaps only later an abbé; but he must not be confounded with Père Antoine Le Grand, called the "abbreviator of Descartes" on account of his still useful 'Institutio Philosophiæ'). Baillet was not an elegant writer, but he knew, by great experience, how to write an accurate and useful book; he had all the information about Descartes that anybody can have now (barring a few minutiæ), and much besides. The volume of Blackwood's admirable "Philosophical Classics" that is devoted to Descartes is from the pen of Professor Mahaffy. We need not say that it is a very useful book, nor that it leaves much to be desired, were it only owing to its smallness. The latter must still more apply to Edward Caird's article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' It becomes clear enough, then, what was wanted in the way of an English volume on Descartes. We should have preferred something like a reproduction (abridged, if necessary) of Baillet, with annotations, and with three long appendices, one of which should explain Descartes as a mathematician, another what he did for philosophy, and a third the man himself. Of these four desiderata, Miss Haldane sufficiently supplies the first, although she omits some facts with the apparent purpose of avoiding what would be unfavorable to Descartes, such as the details of his behavior in his last illness. She evidently knows nothing of mathematics or its history—even referring to Desargues, who carried projective geometry to wonderful heights, as one "whose work in life was to make inventions which might prove of practical value to artisans and mechanical workers," and whom "we may judge to have been a popular writer and adapter rather than purely a man of science." Had she taken the trouble to refer to Moritz Cantor's work or any other modern history of mathematics, that bit of silly stuff would have been spared. Of philosophical comment there is more than enough; but it is not of the right kind, being neither critical nor elucidative of the historical position of Descartes, and simply consists in telling her readers, as if they were three-year-old tots, what they "of course" believe. Moreover, it is written from the standpoint of the vaguest and weakest variety of Hegelianism. However, the reader can skip all those parts, and probably will. The reviewer had not this happy privilege.

The nature and character of the man are insufficiently considered. We should like to have been told more of the studies at the Jesuit College of La Flèche, or, in default of that information, of the best Jesuit instruction of the time. In particular, we should like to know how much Descartes would be likely to hear there about St. Augustine and the 'De Civitate Dei.' The 'Correspondance' of Descartes, as now so ably edited in the new edition of his works by Adam and Tannery, would supply material for the exercise of a great power of psychological analysis. Instead of anything of that sort, we find only insipid, vacillating, inconsistent reflections, such as the most superficial reader would make for himself. The style of the book is easy and unperiodical; a little too much so, perhaps. Superfluous words are not avoided. We venture to guess that the phrase "later on," for an adverbial *later*, may occur, on the average, once in five pages, in the chapters where there is any occasion for it. At any rate, one tires of it. The index is sufficient. We might have picked the author up about many points; but we have endeavored to avoid fault-finding that would not touch the essential merits or demerits of the work.

## IBSEN'S LETTERS.

*Letters of Henrik Ibsen.* Translated by John Nilsen Laurvik and Mary Morison. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. 1905.

There are men who put so much of themselves into their letters that these remain their best biography. They are usually little affected by their surroundings, and ask only to be let alone that they may develop what is in them. Such a one was Ibsen. He realized from the first that in Norway he had small chance of being left to himself, and so he avoided his native land. Once well out of it, his career was unaffected by his setting, and he could have written just as well in London as in Rome or Dresden or Munich. He hated correspondence, but, like many persons who profess this distaste, he wrote a great many letters, and, as they appear in the present collection, they are a perfectly sufficient account of his life.

He was born at Skien in 1828, of a family once prosperous, but then reduced to poverty. The break with his parents dates almost from his fourteenth year, when he went to Grimstad to become an apothecary's apprentice, and shocked the respectable citizens by his comic verses and caricatures. From the first he hated every symptom of orthodoxy or social prejudice. His people were both conventional and orthodox, and at the age of twenty, when he went to Christiania, Ibsen severed his connection with them, convinced, as he told Brandes in more than one letter, that the only important thing is to save one's self, to develop one's talent, and to escape from those who could only condemn or misunderstand. It was more than forty years before he revisited Skien; his parents, who died in the seventies, he never saw again. Except for a few months of study in Christiania in 1850-51, there is no trace of any formal education. In the latter year Ibsen went to Bergen as stage-manager of a theatre. There he met and married Susanna Thoresen, whom nearly twenty years later he describes as having "exactly the character desiderated by a man of mind—she is illogical, but has a strong poetic instinct, a broad, liberal mind, and an almost violent antipathy to all petty considerations."

From 1857-64 Ibsen was again in Christiania as "artistic director" of the Norwegian Theatre, a position which barely provided him with the means to support himself and his wife and child. Those years of hardship were soon over. Norway may not provide an atmosphere favorable to the unconventional genius, but she makes it easy for him to live elsewhere. The first Government grant was awarded to Ibsen in 1862—the sum of £27 for the expenses of a summer tour to collect the songs and legends of Norway—and about the same amount in the following year for the same purpose. The book that was to have been the fruit of these journeys never appeared. In 1863 he was given a travelling-grant of £90. His debts, which amounted to about £112, were paid by his friends in Christiania, and he left Norway, which in the next twenty-seven years he was to revisit only twice, and then with reluctance and misgivings. What made this long exile possible was a life pension of £90 granted by the Norwegian Storthing in 1866. But until his writings began to pay, as they soon did under the auspices of his Danish publisher, it was the generosity of his Norwegian friends that supplemented the Government grants and enabled him to live in comfort in Rome. In spite, therefore, of Ibsen's dislike and disdain of Norwegian narrowness and parochialism, constantly expressed in these letters, Norway has no reason to be ashamed of her treatment of her iconoclastic son. In 1872 he writes of the "mean behavior" of the Government in refusing to increase this annuity. Ibsen never visited England, where, in the early seventies, the most sympathetic of all his critics, Mr. Gosse, had introduced his plays to the readers of the *Spectator*, in which appeared, in 1872, the first English article on Ibsen. Of the Scandinavian countries he always looked to Denmark as the place "where one is least trammelled by existing prejudices," and it was a Dane, George Brandes, who, almost from the beginning, ranged himself on Ibsen's side and interpreted him to the public. The best letters in this collection are those to Brandes, which have already been published separately in the *Revue de Paris*, in a French translation.

Before he left Norway, Ibsen had published several plays, including "Catilina" (1850), "The Feast at Solhaug" (1856), "Lady Inger of Östraat" (1857), "The Vikings at Helgeland" (1858), "Love's Comedy" (1863). In Rome he at once began his drama on Julian. But what really possessed his thought at this time was the subject of "Brand," which suddenly came into his mind "in strong and clear outlines" one day in 1865 when he strolled into St. Peter's. While he wrote it, he felt "indescribably happy, with the exaltation of a Crusader."

"If I were asked to tell you," he wrote in that year to Björnson, "what has been the chief result of my stay abroad, I should say that it consisted in my having driven out of myself the æstheticism which had a great power over me—an isolated æstheticism with a claim to independent existence. . . . I am now sufficiently serious to be very severe with myself. An æsthete in Copenhagen once said to me: 'Christ is really the most interesting phenomenon in the world's history.' The æsthete enjoyed him as the glutton does the sight of an oyster. I have always been too strong to become a creature of that type; but what the intellectual asses might have made of me if they had had me all to themselves, I know not."

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'Peer Gynt' was published in 1867. Ibsen was greatly annoyed by a Danish review which refused to treat it as poetry and classed it as polemical journalism. To this Ibsen replied: "My book *is* poetry; and if it is not, then it will be. The conception of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall be made to conform to the book." That is characteristic of his perfect self-confidence, which never admitted a criticism, never confessed to external influences. If he passed through the usual agonies of the creative genius, we have no trace of the struggle in these letters. In 1873 he had finished his two plays on the Emperor Julian, into which he put "a part of my own spiritual life." His ignorance of Greek was a serious hindrance to the true understanding of one whose own writings are accessible only in the original. In using the other sources for Julian's life and the period, he could not find out whether Eunapius wrote Latin or Greek, accepting finally the assurance of a friend that this Greek sophist was a Latin author. Meanwhile, he had transferred his home from Rome to Dresden. But Munich, where he spent some years in the seventies and eighties, was, he declared in 1879, his "own spiritual home." In 1879 the "Doll's House" was written at Rome and Amalfi, "Ghosts" at Sorrento in 1881. In 1880 Ibsen gives an interesting explanation of the alternative ending of the "Doll's House." He had heard that the play was likely to be adapted, and was threatened with a happier ending. "In order to prevent such a possibility, I sent a draft of an altered last scene, according to which *Nora* does not leave the house, but is forcibly led by *Helmer* to the door of the children's bedroom; a short dialogue takes place, *Nora* sinks down at the door, and the curtain falls. . . . Those who make use of the altered scene do so entirely against my wish." It was with reference to the storm raised by "Ghosts" that he said bitter things about majorities and the Liberals:

"The minority is always right, that minority which leads the van and pushes on to points which the majority has not yet reached. When I think how slow and heavy and dull the general intelligence is at home, a deep despondency comes over me, and it often seems to me that I might just as well end my literary activity at once. . . . . Liberty is the first and highest condition for me. At home they do not trouble much about liberty, but only about liberties—a few more or a few less, according to the standpoint of their party. . . . A fighter in the intellectual vanguard can never collect a majority round him. . . . At the point where I stood when I wrote each of my books, there now stands a tolerably compact crowd, but I myself am no longer there; I am elsewhere; farther ahead, I hope."

That the minority is right was "my fundamental principle in every field and domain." As to the Liberals, he wrote to Brandes, "They are Freedom's worst enemies—freedom of thought and spirit thrives best under absolutism; this was shown in France, afterwards in Germany, and now we see it in Russia."

In 1891 Ibsen left Germany and settled in Norway, exposing himself "to the cold, uncomprehending eyes of Christiania"; but in 1897 he writes to Brandes that in Norway "all the channels of intelligence are blocked," and plans to make a home for himself near the Sound, "between Copenhagen and Elsinore, on some free, open spot. . . . Up here by the fjords is my native land. But—but—but! Where am I to find my home land?" In 1900, however, the date of the last letter, he is still at Christiania, writing an open letter to a Dutch paper which had accused him of sympathizing with England in the Boer war. His convictions, as he again asserts, were on the side of England as the nation that had done most for the civilization of South Africa.

The publication of these letters will give all English readers of Ibsen a chance to correct their previous ideas of the man and his works. How necessary such correction is one can measure by reading again Mr. Shaw's 'Quintessence of Ibsenism,' with its carefully presented picture of Ibsen's philosophy, and its almost complete lack of interest in Ibsen as a poet and imaginative writer. Mr. W. L. Courtney, when he wrote his 'Idea of Tragedy' in 1900, would certainly have modified his remarks on Ibsen if he had read the Letters. He said in that essay (p. 117) that "'Brand' and 'Love's Comedy' are especially overshadowed by the thoughts of the Danish Kirkegaard," whose influence "evaporated later." Twice, however, Ibsen states in the Letters that he "has read little of Kirkegaard and understood less." On page 125 Mr. Courtney says that, after producing "Ghosts" and finding derision where he had looked for sympathy, "he shook the dust off his feet against his native country and lived abroad." The truth is, that "Ghosts" appeared in 1881, and, as Ibsen had not been in Norway since 1874, and then only for a brief visit, he had not had much opportunity to acquire the dust of his native land. Take up any criticism of Ibsen's plays and you will find the same sort of misconception. Perhaps the most unfair criticism that we have seen is that of Mr. Pinero, who described the Grand Hotel of Christiania with Ibsen coming "to sit on a particular chair in a particular window, his mug of beer upon the window-sill, to watch the world—his world of native Norwegian townsmen and touring foreigners. . . . I felt grateful that the tragic idea (in Greece and England) had developed in a larger atmosphere than the smoking-room of a Norwegian hotel." What Mr. Pinero should have seen was an old man of seventy, who, after forty years' exile and dramatic production surrounded by influences as little Scandinavian as he could manage to make them, had come home to spend his last years, and was finding Norway and its tourists extremely uncongenial to the "tragic idea."

Ibsen is not a good letter-writer. He always wrote under compulsion, took a complete holiday from correspondence during the composition of a drama, and wasted no words. The entertaining letter-writer must waste many words, display a gift for lively description, anecdote, and epigram, and, above all, be human, showing us his weaknesses—a sight that always endears. Ibsen's readers will find little of all this. He took himself seriously as he took his plays—an attitude fatal to the charm of the epistolary manner. But he is a man who will inevitably be misunderstood by most of his biographers. Each literary critic will see in his plays the peculiar principles of social philosophy that he may wish to find. The Letters, though they were seldom written to set the critics right, and though the references to the plays are usually business-like when they are not vituperative of Norwegian narrowness, are still bound to warn off the too ingenious critic, and they show us the man as he was, not quite a poet, no dreamer, but a hard-headed, practical man, born with a hatred of every restraint that fettered the individual in the name of society, and endowed with an extraordinary talent for character-drawing and the technique of the drama. Every play is mentioned here except the last, "When We Dead Awaken" (1900), to which there seems to be an allusion on page 453. The Introduction, of 45 pages, is useful, and the footnotes are quite sufficient to explain the allusions. The index is a weak point, since it refers only to the persons to whom the letters were addressed. It should at least have included the plays.

The translation is very smooth and readable, but un-Ibsenish, as is particularly noticeable in the first half of the work. In Letter No. 38, page 131, every paragraph and almost every sentence begin with "I," whereas in the original but a single sentence so opens, "Jeg er i ordets virkelige betydning bedrövet" (I am, in the true sense of the word, grieved), but here the translation reads: "It grieves me, truly grieves me." Hence the impression conveyed that Ibsen is a sad egotist, whereas from the Norwegian the case is exactly the opposite. Elsewhere the translators do not seem to have truly caught the meaning of their text. Thus (p. 61): "On the Ancient Ballad and its Influence on the Art of Poetry." Now the "art of poetry" is not in question at all, but art poetry, *i. e.*, poetry cultivated as a fine art, in contradistinction to popular poetry. At page 66, dramatic art is said to be "a unification of all these other forms of art." What Ibsen says is, that it is "the unity of all these forms of art" (with reference to the Hegelian philosophy). Such misconceptions, wherever the original requires some knowledge beyond the most elementary, in order to be understood, are quite common.

While the proofreading is on the whole satisfactory, certain mistakes should not have occurred in a book of this kind. Thus (p. 97, note), Christi*ana* (for Christi*ania*); (p. 97), *Die* Nygifte for *De* Nygifte (p. 111, note), the Danish poet, Carsten Hauch (1790-1872), published in 1870 (read 1866); (p. 449), read 1896 for 1898 as the date of the letter to Brandes; (p. 118, note), Swedish and Norwegian *Ambassador* in Paris—such a person has never existed, but *ministers* there have been; (p. 122), Swedish Aftenblad, for Aftonblad. On page 431, Mr. Shaw's book is called 'The Quintessence of Ibsen'—read "Ibsenism."

## MONOD'S MICHELET.

*Jules Michelet:* Études sur sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Avec des fragments inédits. Par Gabriel Monod. Paris: Hachette & Cie. 1905.

We are indebted to the editor of the *Revue Historique* for an illuminating book on the conceptions of Michelet as they affected his private life. This is not the first time that M. Monod has shown an interest in the works and career of the brilliant writer whose character he now seeks to il-

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lustrate and expound. As early as 1876 he published, in the second volume of the *Revue Historique*, a series of passages from Michelet's lectures on the Roman Emperors; the article on Michelet in the 'Grande Encyclopédie' is from his pen; in 1904 he contributed to the *Deutsche Revue* an article entitled "Michelet und Deutschland"; while, more recently still, passing from husband to wife, he has edited, with an introduction and notes, Mme. Michelet's 'Les Chats.' Finally, he has become, by an indirect process, Michelet's literary executor. So long as Mme. Michelet lived there could be no other exponent than herself of one whose life she had shared in the fullest sense for twenty-five years. The twenty-five years of her widowhood (1874-1899) were wholly occupied in the publication of her husband's posthumous works, either in their original form or with clever additions of her own. A few weeks before her death, she placed in M. Monod's hands a great quantity of unpublished manuscripts, multifarious in aspect and quality, but containing among them much that is important for the due appreciation of Michelet's ideals and attainments.

Entering upon his duties in the spirit of an interpreter rather than of an annalist, M. Monod gives us seven admirable essays, bound together in one series, along with copious excerpts from Michelet's journal and correspondence. The bulk of the volume centres in the historian's activities during the period 1839-1851, though incidents of earlier and later life come into view from time to time. The narrative of events is, however, a mere thread upon which to hang that record of thoughts and emotions which furnishes the vital interest of the book. Few, we imagine, even of Michelet's most enthusiastic readers are familiar with the fact that, in addition to his multitudinous publications, he has left a journal, scrupulously kept day by day through forty years of unresting effort in the fields of history, literature, and democratic propaganda. M. Monod, in announcing his intention to publish still further papers, says that Michelet the man quite equals in interest Michelet the writer. With this remark we are inclined to agree. Michelet felt that he had written about himself with more sincerity than is revealed in Rousseau's 'Confessions'; and perhaps no one ever had a closer eye upon the operation of his own mind and feelings.

During the early part of his manhood Michelet often alludes to himself as one marked out for solitude. A professor at the Collège de France, who was surrounded by a band of enthusiastic students and possessed of admiring friends in every class from the royal family to the lower ranks of the bourgeoisie, need not have been a recluse if only he had cared to take part in the ordinary occupations of society. Michelet, from the time when he left the École Normale down to the moment when he began his attack upon the Jésuits, did command the general admiration to which we have just alluded. Even the clericals had not begun to suspect him, for he had been preserved by depth of historical sympathy from attacking the ages of faith so long as in his 'History of France' he was still dealing with them. Only on passing from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance did he reveal to the world the degree of his separation from Catholicism. Yet during the years 1838-1841, when outwardly his life seemed to be most prosperous and his position most assured, he was suffering the keenest agonies of soul from the sense of his spiritual loneliness.

By temperament most men are disciples either of the laughing or of the weeping philosopher. Those who can find unction in Leopardi or 'Vathek' or the 'City of Dreadful Night,' are likely to find congenial occupation in the anatomy of melancholy, whether it be Michelet's or their own. Even for people of different mood there may be some interest in seeking to distinguish between what is morbid and what normal among the manifestations of introspective grief. Michelet took his depression of spirits very seriously, not only recording in his journal the varieties of such woe as he experienced, but actually publishing a volume entitled "Amertumes,' wherein may be found a series of his reflections during the four years that followed the death of his first wife. Pauline Michelet had some good qualities, but did not possess either the intellectual power or the moral dignity which could have commanded her husband's thorough respect. Her death, however, not unnaturally filled him with searchings of heart and with vain regrets for his sins of omission. Always meditating upon the paradoxes of the universe, his own affliction made them seem the more intolerably oppressive. "Why," he asks, a little less than two months after his wife's death, "does the thought of God bring with it so little consolation? It is because the Christian God is a judge of the soul: it shall survive, but only to suffer! The God of Pantheism gives repose, but only through absorption."

Grief at his wife's death may be held to account for much, but in fact Michelet was so highly strung that he always stood on the verge of a spiritual or physical crisis. His intense energy worked itself off to a considerable extent in the labors of scholarship and literary composition. But even then there remained a strong erotic disposition which was sure at frequent intervals to cause him anguish. Within a year from Pauline's death he is assailed by what M. Monod styles "la tentation mauvaise de chercher une consolation dans un semblant de vie conjugale, sans la communauté de sentiment, de pensées, et de devoirs qui font la dignité et la beauté du mariage." As a result of this agitation Michelet finds it difficult to be grateful. When he wishes to bless and render thanks, the words stick in his throat. Marriage, he feels, is impossible, while on the other hand, "ces demi-mariages sont scabreux, pleins de chances." He seems particularly impressed by what Mme. Quinet has urged in seeking to dissuade him from an irregular connection. "What would happen if she should love you?" This, comments Michelet, would indeed be a danger.

The most important fact in Michelet's life during the years 1839-1842 was his friendship with Mme. Dumesnil. If, as there is good reason to suppose, the period was a decisive one in his life, no single incident bulks more largely in it than this. Michelet made the acquaintance of Mme. Dumesnil through her son Alfred, who was among his most eager disciples. She was slight, frail, and not beautiful, but possessed of great charm and sweetness. M. Monod points out that students of Michelet's career have sometimes attributed to Mme. Dumesnil a kind of influence upon the historian's ideas which she did not exercise. He did not, it is clear, owe to her his emancipation from the formulas of the Roman Church. Numerous writings show that he had gone beyond the limits of orthodox Christianity long before he met her. Far from being his leader on the path of rationalism, she was considerably the more conservative of the two. As for her influence upon him, it was purely moral and sentimental, platonic in character, and to Michelet a source of the highest inspiration. They met for the first time in May, 1840, and she died almost exactly two years later, but the second twelve months of their friendship was undoubtedly one of the happiest periods in Michelet's life. It has been said of Lewes that, after his marriage with George Eliot, he could at times speak patiently of Christianity. Without bringing this particular illustration into the analogy, Mme. Dumesnil may be said to have had the same mellowing effect upon the mood of Michelet. Her death was a fresh laceration, though it left behind a chain of more exalting memories than could have been drawn from his life with Pauline.

We have touched upon simply a few of the salient incidents which affected Michelet's development during a critical period. Between 1839 and 1842 his fame as a lecturer, scholar, and writer had not yet been marred by the rancors of controversy. By 1841 some suspicion perhaps had been aroused among the clericals. Otherwise the Parisian world admired and lauded him, nor had the clericals come to see in him an irreconcilable antagonist. With the aid of the passages which M. Monod now publishes from his journal, we can see how the trend of his thought was setting toward internationalism and the propagation of the democratic ideal. It was impossible for him to live without exercising his fertile and fiery imagination. Having lost his hold upon religious dogma, there remained the gospel of humanitarianism, and that whole body of aspirations which became to him, no less than to Quinet and Mazzini, living realities. During the last thirty years of his life he fought on behalf of his cause with all the ardor of an impassioned nature, upholding reason, justice, and mercy, condemning superstition and despotism. By the close of 1843 he had passed through the worst years of his life, had fought his doubts and gathered strength, had grappled with evil at the bottom of the pit, and, by so grappling, had prepared himself for the missionary work that lay before him. Taken by themselves, many of the passages which M. Monod cites may seem morbid, diffuse, and ineffective; but Michelet, whatever his limitations, was neither weak nor insincere, and the record of his strivings with doubt, sorrow, and contrition will be for many by no means destitute of edification.

As a contribution to our knowledge of both Michelet's thought and nature, M. Monod's chapter entitled "Yves-Jean-Lazare Michelet" is the most striking essay in the volume. In it are described the beginnings of the historian's second mar-

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riage, and the emotions which were awakened in him by the birth and death of his son Yves. The whole episode is too long to discuss here, but the portion of Michelet's journal given on pages 283-290 is a very remarkable document, which should be read by all who open the book at all. Among the five remaining papers, the two most striking are those entitled "Michelet et l'Italie" and "Michelet et George Sand." For Italy, Michelet cherished the deepest reverence and affection. Virgil was the chosen author of his youth, and Vico of his early manhood. To Italy he turned when he needed physical resuscitation, and not even Mrs. Browning longed more ardently to see the triumph of the national cause. M. Monod's essay on his relations with George Sand brings out one fact almost amusingly. These two writers, who at first sight have so much in common, were quite content to admire each other at a distance. Michelet, in the preface to 'L'Amour,' styles George Sand "the greatest writer of the nineteenth century," while she, at the close of her 'Histoire de ma Vie,' styles him "a guide of generations yet to come." Both had been fed on Rousseau, both believed in intellectual emancipation and social democracy. Unfortunately, they differed so completely over the question of the wife and the family that both thought it wiser to keep at arm's length. In M. Monod's words, Michelet "trouvait que George Sand rabaissait la famille, et George Sand trouvait que Michelet rabaissait la femme."

For a variety of reasons we have endeavored to give this volume some prominence. Michelet was a man of vast historical erudition, who, quite apart from his learning, occupies a secure place in French literature by virtue of his imaginative insight. Again, his whole life was conditioned by the mutual reaction of a strong intelligence upon a high-strung, mobile, and somewhat sensuous disposition. Finally, it is extremely interesting to observe the attitude towards him of a modern historian, who, like M. Monod, has received the discipline of a science unknown in Michelet's youth and apparently antagonistic to Michelet's method of historiography. These essays, when supplemented by others that are promised in the introduction, will not only acquit M. Monod of his duties as literary executor, but will constitute an extremely valuable body of criticism. In the case of the present volume, excerpts from Michelet's journal occupy considerably more space than is represented by editorial comment. At the same time the gloss is hardly less serviceable than the text.

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*Astronomy in the Old Testament.* By G. Schiaparelli. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1905. Small 8vo, pp. 178.

This book, originally written in Italian, has been turned into very good English under the author's own supervision. He is observer at the Milan Observatory, seventy years old; his fame rests mainly on his discovery of what he calls the "canals" on Mars, and has been spread among American readers through Percival Lowell's late book, which discusses the appearance of the reddish planet. He follows the higher critics as to the ages of the Biblical books and as to the layers of which the Pentateuch is built up. He gives the ancient Hebrews very little credit for observation and thought, but believes that their work towards a higher morality and purer religion makes up for such shortcomings, and their freedom from astrologic superstitions for their ignorance of astronomy.

His astronomy takes a very wide range, sweeping into its compass earth and sea and the abysses below, rain and rivers; days, months, and years; weeks of days and of years; Sabbaths, Sabbatic years, Jubilees, and all the Mosaic laws incident to these. He remarks on the absurdity of identifying Ezekiel's Rosh, Meshech, and Tubel with Russia, Moscow, and Tobolsk—a remark rather befitting a geography than an astronomy of the Old Testament. As he lives in Catholic Italy, his Old Testament embraces Sirach, Maccabees, Judith, and other apocrypha. He is well versed in Biblical Hebrew; he knows some Aramaic, Arabic, and Assyrian; the Mishnah and Talmud he quotes only at second hand.

Schiaparelli treats first of the *firmament*, preferring this rendering of *raqiá* in the text to the *expansion* of modern interpreters. The lower heaven was rigid and transparent; above this was the heaven of heavens bearing the sun, moon, and stars, flexible as a curtain. The earth, a vast plain, extending, below to a great depth, so as to embrace the mighty abyss, also Sheol, the abode of the departed, was hung (see Job xxvi.) over nothing. This view is illustrated by a rude drawing (p. 38). Schiaparelli charges the Hebrew writers, on the strength of such passages as Isaiah lv. 10, with not knowing that watery vapors rise from the sea, become clouds, and return to the sea through streams and rivers; and holds that with the exception perhaps of the more learned author of Job, they imagined rain, hail and snow to come from beyond the firmament and that the sea communicated with the sources of rivers only under ground.

No sane man could hold such a belief. In Palestine many streams run dry every summer; the autumn rains fill their beds. Lebanon is high enough for those at its crest to look down upon clouds. And fog (Heb. *qitor*) is only a cloud that reaches the ground. A child can see that every cloud floats below the blue sky. Israel lived closely east of the sea; it saw the west wind bringing rain, the east wind dust and heat (see quotations on p. 35). The Bible almost begins with telling us: A vapor arose from the earth to irrigate the face of the garden. The plural noun *ncsiim*, meaning watery vapors, but literally "lifted ones," occurs in Jeremiah, Psalms, Proverbs. Thus, Psalm cxxxv. teaches that *nesiim* are brought from the end of the earth, and by lightnings are turned into rain; which is correct to this day. In Psalm cxlviii. 8, fire and hail, snow and fog, are named among the phenomena of earth.

If other passages speak of rain, snow, and hail as if they came through the firmament, and of the sea as if it communicated with the river sources under ground, it is not because some writers are wiser or more learned than others, but because in some passages the writer uses poetic language, elsewhere the words of sober truth. The verse, Isaiah lv. 10, carefully read with attention to its tenses, proves the very contrary of Schiaparelli's inference: the prophet knows that water ascends towards heaven, for "the snow and rain cometh down from heaven and does not return thither, *but when it has* irrigated the earth." The "host of heaven," when referred to in the later reigns of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, seems to our author to mean those of the planets that received an idolatrous worship; such as Helel (Lucifer) named in Isaiah xiv. 12, and *Kiyun* or *Kaivan* (Saturn) mentioned in Amos (v, 12). He is not positive about *Gad* (Isaiah lvx. 11) standing for Jupiter. He does not claim that the ancient Jews knew nothing of Mercury and Mars (p. 49, n. 5), but he feels sure that the recurrence of the Seven was not based on the number of the so-called seven planets of the Greeks and Romans.

The following passages contain the names of fixed stars or constellations. "Those burning incense to . . . sun and moon and mazzaloth; (2 Kings xxiii. 5): "The stars of heaven and their *Kesils*" (Isaiah xiii. 10); "The maker of *Kimah* and *Kesil*" (Amos v. 8); "He who made *Ash*, *Kesil*, and *Kimah* and the Chambers of the South" (Job ix. 9); "From the Chamber cometh whirlwind and from *Mezarim* cold" (Job xxxvii. 9); "Canst thou tie the (?) delights of *Kimah*, or loosen the bands of *Kesil*? bring out *Mazzaroth* at its time, or lead 'Ayish with her children?" (Job xxxviii. 31, 32). On *Kesil* = Orion and *Kimah* = Pleiades, Schiaparelli agrees with other Hebraists. He rejects the Great Bear as the rendering for *'Ash* or *'Ayish*; following the Talmud (Berakoth 58b), he identifies "*'Ayish* with her children" with the *Hyades;* he shrewdly derives *Mezarim* from *mizreh* (winnowing-shovel), something like our dipper; hence the two Bears, both in Job's days near the pole. In the Chamber or Chambers of the South Schiaparelli sees Canopus or bright stars in the Southern Cross, then visible in Palestine. But if visible, how were they in Chambers? More probably star-groups were meant, too southerly to be seen in Palestine, but told of by travellers in the far South. He takes *Mazzaloth* and *Mazzaroth* without sufficient reason to be identical, and applies both as plurals to the two offices of Venus as morning and as evening star, though the former is found in the Mishnah as the only name for the constellations of the Zodiac. Now, when and why did the word *Mazzal* change its meaning between its use in the Book of Kings and its use in the Mishnah?

When our author comes to the division of the days, he shows that the later word *sha'ah*, hour, does not occur in the Hebrew of the Old Testament, and in Aramaic only in the sense of "moment." But if hours were known by that name in Syria in very ancient times, as he admits, they could not be unknown to Israel, considering the close relations between Damascus, Samaria, and Jerusalem. These hours, he says (p. 101), were "seasonable," *i. e.*, each one-twelfth of the period between sunrise and sundown, longer in summer than in winter; such is also the Jewish tradition.

The book, with all its discursiveness, or rather by reason of it, is quite entertaining.

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*American Diplomacy:* Its Spirit and Achievements. By John Bassett Moore. Harpers. 1905.

Professor Moore's volume embodies, with some revision and amplification, a series of articles which appeared originally in *Harper's Magazine.* A new chapter on Fisheries Questions has been added.

"The primary object of the work is to give, not a chronological narrative of international transactions, but rather an exposition of the principles by which they were guided, in order that the distinctive purposes of American diplomacy may be understood and its meaning and influence appreciated. Nothing could be more erroneous than the supposition that the United States has, as the result of certain changes in its habits, suddenly become, within the past few years, a 'world-power.' The United States has in reality always been, in the fullest and highest sense, a world-power; and the record of its achievements in the promulgation and spread of liberal and humane doctrines is one in which no American need hesitate to own a patriotic pride."

We have found the book entertaining as a non-chronological narrative, but less valuable as an exposition of principles. Indeed, as an expounder of principles the author writes in altogether too patriotic a vein to be weighty. Nobody disputes that the United States has played a leading part in advancing the causes of the freedom of the ocean, neutrality, arbitration, expatriation, and extradition; but we, like other countries, have been involved in disputes in which we not only did nothing to advance these causes, but have seemed for the time to be doing our very best to thwart the advance of our own principles. During the whole of the civil war, for instance, we did our best for the rights of belligerents as against neutrals, and in the *Trent* case, if we could have carried our point, we should have established the right of a belligerent to stop a neutral vessel on a neutral voyage and take away passengers as prisoners, on the ground that they were ambassadors sent by the other belligerent to the Government of the neutral. Having wholly failed to establish any right to do so, we yielded the point and surrendered the prisoners, while Mr. Seward took advantage, in the correspondence, of our old opposition to the right of search to maintain that this was a triumph of American principles. But this is what is known as putting a good face on a bad situation. Throughout the controversy we were on the side of belligerent rights, and we yielded virtually to a threat of war. So, later, when we undertook to establish an American theory of continuous voyages, it was certainly not an advancement of our pretensions as champions of neutral rights.

The truth is, that no country consistently maintains the true principles of international law, any more than individuals consistently maintain the principles of justice and right. Under the influence of self-interest we have attacked the freedom of the seas in the Bering Sea arbitration, and in the boundary dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain we abused the principles of arbitration. In our exclusion and penalization of the Chinese we have flown in the face of all our professions of liberality on the subject of expatriation.

All this may be said without detracting from what Mr. Moore extols as our "advancement of the principle of legality" (p. 252). The principle of law has, indeed, lain at the foundation of the American diplomacy of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Webster, Seward, Fish, and Bayard—that is, we have been preëminently the nation which has insisted that diplomacy shall be supported by the recognized principles of the *jus gentium.* We have insisted on the legal responsibility of states. But that has not prevented our abandoning the paths of law in several instances (*e. g.*, the erection of the Republic of Panama, as to which Mr. Moore has little to say), or our resort to an elastic principle of national policy, in the Monroe Doctrine, to justify whatever we feel it for our interest to do in relation to our immediate neighbors. The development of the Monroe Doctrine is not by any means a development of the principle of legality, or of the law of nations.

In short, we think Mr. Moore's book is altogether too patriotic, and in this respect we have found it disappointing. Patriotism is an excellent thing in its place, and prescribed to all diplomats and advocates of their country's interest in any contention or polemic proceeding. But in that forum of exposition in which Grotius and Vattel and Wheaton and Kent are known as leaders, patriotism is less a panoply than a handicap. What those great men taught was that international law was of no country; and it was by studiously laboring to forget country and self that they so wonderfully advanced that great principle of legality to which we all, when at our best, try to do reverence.

International law, as we know it, is the growth of hardly more than a century. The reason why the United States was, during that period, the leader in its development, was that it was the great pacific world-power. The freedom of the seas, neutrality, arbitration, expatriation, and extradition are all bound up with the cause of peace and non-interference. Engaged in war, in annexation, in colonial expansion, or in the business of protectorates, it is capable of re-developing on American soil the early *jus belli* in all its ferocity and disregard of pacific interests. All this can be illustrated by an expounder of our true principles from our own history; but the picture would present glaring contrasts, and would not be so agreeable to our self-love as Mr. Moore's.

It is difficult to make anything connected with international law popular reading; but the author has come nearer to doing so than any one we can recall. His account of the beginnings of American diplomacy is entertaining, while that of the difficulties encountered by our Government in dealing with the question of diplomatic costume is amusing. With his main point, that the United States has been for a long period a world-power, and that its diplomacy for the most part has rested on a coherent body of principles which was not invented yesterday, we are entirely at one.

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*Supplementary Papers of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome.* Vol. I., pp. iv, 220. 4°. 18 plates, plus 75 text illustrations. Macmillan. 1905.

The publication of this volume is a very gratifying indication of the growth of the American School in Rome, intellectually as well as in numbers. Its papers have thus far been published in the *American Journal of Archæology*, which, however, has not been able to afford space for all that have been offered and officially recommended. Some contributions from members of the School have therefore appeared elsewhere, and others have perforce been held up, if not *nonum in annum*, at least till their freshness has somewhat evaporated. This new method of publication in separate volumes is intended to supplement rather than to supersede that in the *Journal*, and will also provide a proper format for papers that call for more copious illustration than the plan of the *Journal* can admit.

The initial volume contains work of eight contributors, of whom two are officers of the American School, and a third, Mr. Ashby, the well-known vice-director of the British School in Rome, who has again shown his kindness to American students by collaborating with one of them, Mr. Pfeiffer, in valuable topographical surveys and descriptions of the sites of Carsioli, and of "La Civita" near Artena (about ten miles north of Norba).

The technical student who is interested in the dry study of brick-stamps and the historical evidence to be deduced from them, will welcome the detailed and classified analysis, with full tables and plates, of the stamped bricks and tiles recovered from the portion of the wall of Aurelian, near the Porta S. Giovanni, which collapsed in 1902. The total number of stamps and marks collected was 832, ranging, so far as dates could be ascertained, from the first century of our era to the time of Theodoric. The largest single group (309) was of the reign of Hadrian, and, of these, 145 were of the single year 123. The next largest group (49) was of the reign of Severus and Caracalla. These statistics appear to accord with what has heretofore been known about the relative activity in building during various reigns. It is not to be concluded, however, that all this material from earlier buildings was appropriated by Aurelian, for this stretch of wall shows signs of several later repairings. A considerable number of the stamps examined are not to be found in the 'Corpus.' The writers of the paper, Messrs. Pfeiffer, Van Buren, and Armstrong, are to be congratulated on a very thorough and important piece of work.

Dr. Mahler, in an interesting article, essays to prove that the "Aphrodite of Arles" is a copy of the spinning Aphrodite of Praxiteles (the *catagusa* of Plin., *N. H.* 1. 19. 2); Mr. Morey subjects the Christian sarcophagus in S. Maria Antiqua to a careful and convincing examination, in which he controverts a number of Marucchi's flighty observations; and Mr. Cross describes as "a new variant of the 'Sappho' type" a head in the Art Museum at Worcester, about the genuine antiquity of which some expert doubt has been expressed. The study of palæography in the School is represented by the publication, by Mr. Van Buren, of new collations of a part of codd. S and A of Columella.

The praise deserved by the rest of the volume can hardly be extended to the last paper in it, which is a record of superficial, and for the most part not new, observations in Turkestan, expressed in a very ill-

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formed style, and marked by most curious bits of reasoning.

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*The Life of Sir Henry Vane, the Younger.* With a History of the Events of his Time. By William W. Ireland. London: Eveleigh Nash; Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1905. 8vo, pp. viii., 571.

Dr. Ireland is no novice in authorship. He has appeared before the public with a personal account of the siege of Delhi, a novel, a treatise on Psychical Medicine, and other works. But in this venture into the historical field he has produced a very singular book. One may readily admit that it shows extensive knowledge of the events and characters of the Stuart period; that its style is always lively and readable, and sometimes forcible; and that the career of his hero is set forth in a narrative of events, most of them familiar, some not so well known, and all intelligently combined. Yet it can hardly be esteemed a valuable contribution to the historic literature of an age which is in imminent danger of being overwritten. In one octavo volume of moderate thickness we are to have a life of Vane and a history of the events of his time. This last half of the title may mean anything, from a work as bulky as Gardiner's to the summary of a school-book. Dr. Ireland's limits require a severe process of selection, yet he includes much that is almost offensively superfluous. We have an introduction on the growth of popular principles in England that is thoroughly commonplace; we have a detailed description of Edgehill, with which Vane had no more to do than Pym or Hyde. Other capital events, which had little bearing on Vane's career, are introduced apparently for no purpose but to impeach in one way or another what the author considers the excessive current estimate of Cromwell. Dr. Ireland's words in his preface are worth quoting:

"I have, avoiding controversies, tried to make the facts cry out. My own views have been formed upon a study of original documents. Later histories and commentaries thereon I have not read, or only looked at after my pages were composed, in order to see if they have cited any authorities not already consulted by me."

He admits, however, his obligations to Foster and Bisset for help and guidance; he might have extended the list, but his method of avoiding controversy is to dogmatize on some of the most vexed questions of history as if there never were two opinions about them. This preference for "facts" is quite in accordance with current historical taste. There is a general call for historians to give us facts, and not opinions or "settings." Some persons will not read Macaulay because he draws inferences from facts to motives. Now this would be very well if facts, as Dr. Ireland says, "cried out." But they do not, or if they do, it is like Orator Puff, with two voices. To him they cry that Strafford was a renegade tyrant, and Laud a malignant bigot; perhaps that is the correct estimate. But Professor Gardiner, who surely knows the facts, hears them "cry" with a very different tale of these men. Vane himself is to his biographer faultless; any criticisms which adhere to any of his contemporaries roll off of him as from a rock. Undoubtedly, as far as personal probity and purity, freedom from low ambition, and elevation in some great matters beyond his time go to make up character, he deserves unqualified praise. Yet his warmest admirers can scarcely deny that in some critical moments, when for such a noble soul to have secured the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and with it the just control of their affairs, would have been well, Vane, after fair trial, failed to keep that confidence and control. In early youth, his governorship of Massachusetts proved an utter failure, and gave indications of something very like moral cowardice; in advanced manhood, the successive failures of Richard and of the officers found him and his Republican colleagues of the Rump endlessly dreaming and debating of ideal commonwealths which the age neither understood nor desired. It is true of Vane, even more than of Milton, that his "soul was like a star and dwelt apart"; but stars give no heat, and their light is of value only to photograph themselves. In plainer words, Vane, with all his breadth of conception, failed when it came to sympathetic action. He abhorred persecution; yet he was most exclusive when it came to coöperation. He could not work with Winthrop, nor yet with Cromwell; but Winthrop was as saintly as himself, and so were Milton and Hale, whose services Cromwell easily secured.

But all these and further grounds of criticism might be pardoned in Dr. Ireland, if it were not for the extraordinary carelessness in the handling of his words and sentences. It would be impossible in this review to point out all the faults of type, faults of phraseology, faults of grammar that disfigure these pages. A single rapid reading has shown no less than sixty in four hundred and forty pages; pure misprints like ingenously (p. 56), relecting for reflecting (p. 251), *saluto* (in an Italian note) for *salute*, and in proper names Codrington for Coddington (p. 83), and, by way of climax, John Wilton for John Milton (p. 437). Certain proper names are now right and again wrong. Prynne's 'Histrio-Mastix' becomes 'Histro-Matrix' (p. 109), which name, if it means anything, means the source of the Danube. In quoting the title-page of the recent life of Archibald, Marquess of Argyll, his name is printed "Marquess of Montrose" (p. 273). There are such expressions as plausible entertainment (p. 46), meaning, apparently, cordial reception; acting inadvisably (p. 72); under the majority of Louis XIV., meaning after (p. 359).

The history is by no means immaculate. James I.'s reign is called twenty-four years instead of twenty-two (p. 9), the judges in the ship-money case are stated as eight to four, instead of seven to five (p. 100). The National Covenant is called the Solemn League and Covenant (p. 29), though they are distinguished later. The petition for the abolition of episcopacy is assigned to "five years after the assembly of Parliament" (p. 159), meaning five weeks after the assembling; the Second Folio of Shakspere is dated 1630 for 1632 (p. 301); De Witt is made Pensionary of the States, instead of Holland (p. 329); and the Cavalier Parliament of 1661 is given nineteen years instead of eighteen (p. 427). Nor does this exhaust the list of blunders.

To conclude with a word of praise: there is a most excellent note on page 317, showing how wantonly Carlyle criticises Burnet.

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*The Negro and the Nation*: A History of American Slavery and Enfranchisement. By George S. Merriam. Henry Holt & Co. 1906.

After a careful reading of Mr. Merriam's volume, we are obliged to say that it falls painfully short of fulfilling the expectations legitimately aroused by its title. It does not approach the degree of completeness which severe condensation might accomplish, even within the limit of its four hundred pages, nor is it to be followed safely either in its statements of facts or in its estimates of men and events. Rather than a genuine history of the negro in his relation to the nation, it is a volume of sketchy comment on American politics and public men, with preponderant reference to the negro, though the reader will occasionally pass over many pages without detecting the preponderance. Ordinarily such comment would not call for very close examination, but when it is put forward as a serious historical treatment of one of the most important phases of American national life, it is at once necessary to raise the question whether the comment is based on careful and comprehensive study. As an example of Mr. Merriam's lack of care in statements of fact, we may take his assertion (p. 76) that, "as the last act of Tyler's administration, Texas was declared a State." The facts were, that Congress, right at the close of its session, took action making possible the annexation of Texas with its own consent; that Tyler hastily dispatched a messenger to secure that consent, which was given by the Texan Congress in June and ratified by a convention in July, and that Texas was finally erected into a State of the Union by joint resolution of the two Houses near the close of the following December, about ten months after Tyler had retired to private life.

Even more than by mistakes of this type, the book is marred by its constant failure to give a clear, complete, and connected account of any of the important events connected with the development of its declared subject. There is much, for instance, about the Reconstruction measures of Congress, but one looks in vain for any adequate information as to the full scope of a single one of them. There is something about the Freedmen's Bureau, but one must go elsewhere to learn the real scope of its work, either in its intent or in its actual practice. There are, of course, frequent references to the American Anti-Slavery Society and the successive movements for abolition or restriction of slavery through new party organizations, but of none of these movements can even a fairly complete outline sketch be derived from this volume. The truth is, as we have already intimated, that the author has given simply a volume of sketchy comment, with the result that much of it is unintelligible to anyone who has not already had a wide reading in the political history of the country. To one who has had such reading, we do not see that there is much in the volume of serious value, despite the fact that its general attitude towards the great

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problems involved in the presence of the negro, past, present, and future, is correct.

As to the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society, under the leadership of Garrison, Mr. Merriam is hopelessly unable to give an account consistent with the facts. Because so much that attended the abolition of slavery, when it came, was contrary to the principles which Garrison had persistently proclaimed, he cannot see that the Garrisonian movement had any very vital relation to the outcome. Garrison saw clearly the need of a great moral work, and felt upon his own soul the burden of duty to do his part in performing it. He saw the value of an organization earnestly and definitely devoted to that line of work, and therefore used all his influence to hold the American Anti-Slavery Society steadily free from all complications which were calculated to subordinate the moral phase of the issue. If history has demonstrated anything on that point it is that the cause of abolition, and of the negro ever since, would have benefited by more, rather than less, of distinctively moral work. Mr. Garrison was not intolerant of those who strove to do something for the cause in some other way. He took the Free Soil movement of 1848 as a cheering sign of the times, proving that an effective impression had been made upon public opinion, and he did not hesitate to lift up his voice in support of the Government during the war, even before Lincoln had arrived at the point of the Emancipation Proclamation, as, for instance, in his Cooper Institute speech of January, 1862. Moreover, when his own eldest son enlisted in the war, as officer of a regiment of colored troops, he wrote: "You will bear me witness that I have not laid a straw in your way to prevent your acting up to your own highest convictions of duty, for nothing would be gained, but much lost, to have you violate these." There should be no serious difficulty in understanding his fundamental position. He wanted all to face the great fact of human slavery from the standpoint of moral duty, and he regarded it as his mission to rouse the sense of moral duty and set it upon the highest possible level. If he had been turned aside into any other channel, another might have risen up to do his work; but, whether by him or by another, freedom to the slave would never have come until that work was done.

In writing of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' Mr. Merriam quotes with approval the words of Judge Tourgee, "Scratch one of Mrs. Stowe's negroes, and you will find a white man." Yet perhaps one may find in these words the suggestion of a truth not altogether uncomplimentary to the insight of Mrs. Stowe. If we were to scratch beneath the surface of any negro, in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' or out of it, we might find a soul more difficult to differentiate from that of the white man than is ordinarily supposed. To realize, with Mr. Higginson, that the negro is "intensely human" is possibly of more value under present conditions than success in differentiating him carefully from any other human species.

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*Salve Venetia*: Gleanings from Venetian History. By Francis Marion Crawford. Two volumes. Macmillan. 1905.

It is unusually hard to give a just account of these volumes, for they are neither history nor romance, but a blend of both. If we judge them as history, their value is small; as romance, they are entertaining. They are such studies as the historical novelist would work up to give verisimilitude of background and local color to his story. Mr. Crawford has long proved his right to be called a born story-teller, but we are not aware that any one of the hundreds of persons in his novels has attained to more than a transient celebrity. However it may be with his fiction, there can be no doubt that he lacks the two essentials—historic sense and the power to trace historic continuity—without which no man has ever written good history.

For Mr. Crawford, Venetian history is a series of episodes, with very slight interdependence, but abounding in picturesque or romantic externals. He sees surfaces, not character; he has a skill for melodrama, not for the tragic. And so his book gives one hardly an idea of the real greatness of the Venetians, but it tells over again, in agreeable fashion, the old stories from the old unhistoric point of view. A writer with these limitations naturally pitches upon the last centuries of decadence—those centuries which no more explain how Venice came to play a great part in the world than a description of the sensuality and effeminacy of the age of Majorian and Romulus Augustulus explains how the Roman Republic became mistress of the ancient world. During the first half of her existence Venice won and preserved her independence by an adroitness which has had no parallel. She escaped from actual subjection to either the Eastern or the Western Empire; she eluded the efforts of her tyrant neighbors on the mainland to subdue her; she rejected the encroachments of the Roman Curia. In these great lines of policy lies the real dramatic interest of her growth; but a reader who depended solely on Mr. Crawford would scarcely understand their importance. In the later history, no figure stands out so conspicuously as Sarpi, and no Venetian achievement equals the resistance, led by him, to the Catholic reaction. When we say that Mr. Crawford devotes less than two pages to Sarpi, we sufficiently indicate why he cannot be regarded as an historian. The fact that he is a Roman Catholic accounts, perhaps, for his failure to do justice to what was one of Venezia's most precious contributions to civilization—her strict separation of Church and State.

Equally when it comes to details, we discover in Mr. Crawford a fatal lack of the historic sense. To cite but a single instance, he describes the treatment of criminals and prisoners so as to leave the impression that the Venetians were particularly cruel. The truth is, that for many centuries they were in advance of their neighbors in humanity. The true historian, instead of expatiating on the horrors of strangling and drowning, as if these were peculiar to Venice, would inquire what was going on contemporaneously in other countries. This criticism may be applied throughout to Mr. Crawford's chapters on manners, customs, and institutions. They are often packed with many unimpeachable details, they are always entertaining, but they lack the indispensable historic sense. We can but regret that, thanks to the popularity of Mr. Crawford, the old half-truths about Venice, the misconceptions and exaggerations which the best recent historians have been working to dispel, should gain a new lease of life. Instead of a great, sagacious, stanch, and sober nation, the stage is filled again with the *bravi* and *sbirri*, the courtesans and gamblers and decadent nobles, who have so long done service in novels and operas. The reason is of course obvious; there exists almost endless material for the last three centuries of the Republic's decline—material, moreover, in which the novelist of manners and gossip delights. We can believe that were Mr. Crawford to take up seventeenth-century England (which may Clio forfend!) he would deal very sketchily with Cromwell and Puritanism, but come out strong on Charles the Second's court and mistresses.

The illustrations of these volumes are, to the present reviewer at least, a great disappointment. They consist of two sorts. The first are reductions from sepia wash or charcoal drawings, and seem to be views of Doré's "Inferno" rather than of the incomparably bright Venice. Some, less fuliginous than others, would fairly represent the murky atmosphere of London or Chicago. A medium less adapted to Venice could not be found. The second sort of illustrations are of the nibbed and scratchy draughtsmanship which some architects' apprentices think artistic. The result is that one must strain hard to discover values and to disentangle the perspective. The drawing of Ponte Canonica (ii., 356), for instance, leaves one in doubt as to what is gondola, what bridge, what water, and so on. Nobody could possibly recognize the botch (ii., 145) of Tintoretto's house; and so we might proceed to point out the inadequacy of scores of these illustrations. Besides their false method of draughtsmanship, they frequently give an altogether false idea of proportion, making what are low bridges or narrow *fondamenta* look huge and high and broad. When fine half-tones of photographs are readily procurable, it does not seem likely that this faddish style of illustration will be tolerated much longer.

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*The Evolution of an English Town*: Being the story of the ancient town of Pickering in Yorkshire from prehistoric times up to the year of our Lord 1905. By Gordon Home. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton. 1905.

A very beautiful specimen of book-making is presented in this volume. Its title, however, is misleading. It is not the story of the unfolding of the political life of a civic community, but rather a curious mélange of geological and antiquarian lore connected with Pickering and its environs. Mr. Home, not content with Stow's semi-mythical story of the founding of the town in 270 B. C., proceeds to recount its history "in an infinitely earlier period." The geological remains dating from the palæolithic and preglacial periods are first described, and thereafter the slender thread of the early local history is spun

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around the remains of Roman roads and camps.

The Forest and the Vale of Pickering have left but an attenuated impress on the Saxon period (A. D. 418-1066). The nave of the present church dates from Norman times, and, together with other quaint bits of architecture and scenery, furnishes the subject-matter for many of the beautiful pen-and-ink drawings and the photogravures with which the book is replete. The first notes of real human interest begin with the local legends of the Tudor period, and are of decided worth to the student of witchcraft, folklore, and magic. The death-blow to this mass of ignorant superstition dates from Wesley and the Methodist revival. Of curious significance to the social historian is the survival of the practice cited from Calvert "of compelling girls who had misconducted themselves to stand in the church for three successive Sundays"—a custom which continued in Pickering up through the first quarter of the nineteenth century (p. 212). Calvert also describes the local clergy in 1824 as "in the main but a despert reckless lot."

The book concludes with chapters on the scenery and zoölogy of the Forest and the Vale. So sumptuous a product of the printer's art may well subserve the pride of the local historian. It will also appeal to the lover of fine illustrations. But it should have been entitled 'The Topography and Antiquities of Pickering.'

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allbutt, T. Clifford. On Professional Education. Macmillan Co.
American Newspaper Annual, 1906. Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer & Son. $5.
Anderson, Wilbert L. The Country Town. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.
Babcock, Frederic Charles. The Rise of American Nationality. Harpers. $2 net.
Bacheller, Irving. Silas Strong. Harpers. $1.50.
Baillie-Saunders, Margaret. Saints in Society. Putnams. $1.50.
Barr, Robert. The Triumph of Eugène Valmont. Appleton. $1.50.
Baxter, James Phinney. A Memoir of Jacques Cartier. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bell, Lilian. Carolina Lee. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Benson, E. F. The Angel of Pain. Lippincott. $1.50.
Bentley, William, The Diary of. Vol. I. Salem, Mass.
Bérard, M. Victor. British Imperialism and Commercial Supremacy. Translated by H. W. Foskett. Longmans. $2.60 net.
Bérard, Victor. L'Affaire Marocaine. Paris: Armand Colin.
Berman, Henry. Worshippers. The Grafton Press. $1.50.
Biese, Alfred. The Development of the Feeling for Nature. Dutton. $2 net.
Birney, Mrs. Theodore. Childhood. F. A. Stokes Co.
Black's Medical Dictionary. Edited by John D. Comrie. Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Bliss, Frederick Jones. The Development of Palestine Exploration. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Bousset, W. Jesus. Translated by Janet P. Trevelyan. Putnams. $1.25.
Boyce, Neith. The Eternal Spring. Fox, Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Bradley, A. G. In the March and Borderland of Wales. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.
Brady, Cyrus Townsend. The Patriots. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Brady, Cyrus Townsend. The True Andrew Jackson. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.
Breasted, James Henry. Ancient Records of Egypt. Vol. I. The University of Chicago Press.
Brierley, J. The Eternal Religion. Thomas Whittaker. $1.40 net.
Brooks, Hildegard. The Larky Furnace. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Brooks, Stratton D., and Marietta Hubbard. Composition—Rhetoric. American Book Co.
Bryant's Poems. Edited by J. H. Castleman. Macmillan Co.
Bucolici Græci. Edited by Willamowitz Moellendorff. Henry Frowde.
Buell, Augustus C. The Memoirs of Charles H. Cramp. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1906. London: The Scientific Press. 6s. net.
Burgess, Thornton W. The Bride's Primer. Orange Judd Co. $1.50.
Burgess, W. Watson. A Life Sentence, or Duty in Dealing with Crime. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Byron, Lord. The Poetical Works of. Edited by Ernest H. Coleridge. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Calhoun, William P. The Caucasian and the Negro. Columbia, S. C.: The R. L. Bryan Co.
Capek, Thomas. The Slovaks of Hungary. Pittsburgh: P. V. Rovnianek & Co.
Chamberlain, James Franklin. How We are Sheltered: A Geographical Reader. Macmillan Co. 40 cents.
Chiarini, C. Romeo e Giulietta. Firenze: G. C. Sansoni.
Churchill, Winston. The Title-Mart. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Coates, Thomas F. G. The Prophet of the Poor: The Life Story of General Booth. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Collins, John Churton. Studies in Poetry and Criticism. Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Comstock, Seth Cook. Marcelle the Maid. Appleton. $1.50.
Congress of Arts and Science. Edited by Howard J. Rogers. Vol. I. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.
Cooke, Edmund Vance. Rimes to be Read. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.50.
Cortina Method for Learning Spanish—Italian—English—German. 4 vols. R. D. Cortina Co.
De La Pasture, Mrs Henry. The Man from America. Dutton. $1.50.
Dix, Morgan. A History of the Parish of Trinity Church of the City of New York. Part IV. Putnams.
Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays. Edited by Beverley Warner. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Fletcher, Horace. Childhood and Growth. F. A. Stokes Co.
Fountain, Paul. The Eleven Eaglets of the West. Dutton. $3 net.
Franklin, Benjamin, The Writings of. Edited by Albert H. Smyth. Vol. IV. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
French, Lillie Hamilton. The Joy of Life. F. A. Stokes Co.
French, Samuel Livingston. The Army of the Potomac. Publishing Society of New York. $2.50 net.
Gillies, H. Cameron. The Place-Names of Argyll. London: David Nutt.
Gore-Booth, Eva. The Three Resurrections, and The Triumph of Maeve. Longmans.
Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. II. Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Gray, John Chipman. The Rule against Perpetuities. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6 net.
Gray, Maxwell. The Great Refusal. Appleton. $1.50.
Green, Olive. Everyday Luncheons. Putnams. 90 cents.
Greenshields, E. B. Landscape Painting and Modern Dutch Artists. The Baker & Taylor Co. $2 net.
Gnauck-Kühne, Elizabeth. Die Deutsche Frau um die Jahrhundertwende. Berlin: Otto Liebmann.
Guimet, Emile. Conférences faites au Musée Guimet. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Hale, Louise Closser. A Motor Car Divorce. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Hall, H. Fielding. A People at School. Macmillan Co. $3.
Hall, Prescott F. Immigration. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Harker, L. Allen. Concerning Paul and Fiammetta. Scribners. $1.25.
Harris, William C., and Tarleton H. Bean. The Basses: Fresh-Water and Marine. F. A. Stokes Co.
Hewlett, Maurice. The Works of. Vol. III.: The Road in Tuscany. Macmillan Co. $3.
Heyck, Ed. Anselm Feuerbach. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hill, George William. The Collected Mathematical Works of. Vol. II. Washington, D. C.: Carnegie Institute.
Howell, George. Labour Legislation, Labour Movements and Labour Leaders. 2 vols. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Hubback, J. H., and Edith C. Jane Austen's Sailor Brothers. John Lane Co.
Hueffer, Ford Madox. Hans Holbein. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Hyamson, Albert M. A Dictionary of Artists and Art Terms. Dutton.
Hyde, William De Witt. The College Man and the College Woman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Lang, Cosmo Gordon. Thoughts on some of the Parables of Jesus. Dutton. $1.50.
Learned, Mrs. Frank. Ideals for Girls. F. A. Stokes Co.
Lee, Jennette. Uncle William. Century Co. $1.
Lee, Vernon. The Spirit of Rome. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.
Maccunn, Florence A. Mary Stuart. Dutton. $3 net.
Mackinnon, James. A History of Modern Liberty. 2 vols. Longmans.
Macnaughton, S. A. A Lame Dog's Diary. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Mann, Gustav. Chemistry of the Proteids. Macmillan. Co. $3.25.
McMurry, Charles A. Course of Study in the Eight Grades. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. 75 cents each.
Meyers Hand-Atlas. Lieferung 29-40. Lemcke & Buechner.
Mighels, Philip Verrill. Chatwit: The Man-Talk Bird. Harpers. $1.50.
Mill, Hugh R. The Siege of the South Pole. F. A. Stokes Co.
Mill, John Stuart. The Subjection of Women. Longmans. 40 cents net.
Miller, Joaquin. The Building of the City Beautiful. Trenton, N. J.: Albert Brandt. $1.50.
Molloy, Fitzgerald. The Russian Court in the Eighteenth Century. 2 vols. Imported by Scribners. $6 net.
Montoux, Paul. La Révolution Industrielle au XVIIIe Siècle. Paris: Edouard Cornély.
Moore, J. Howard. The Universal Kinship. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.
Moreau, George. L'Envers des Etats-Unis. Paris: Plon-Nourrit.
Munn, Charles Clark. The Girl from Tim's Place. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50.
Oman, Charles. Inaugural Lecture on the Study of History. Henry Frowde.
Pfleiderer, Otto. Christian Origins. Translated by Daniel A. Huebsch. B. W. Huebsch. $1.75 net.
Phin, John. The Seven Follies of Science. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.25 net.
Post, Louis F. Ethical Principles of Marriage and Divorce. Chicago: The Public Publishing Co. $1 net.
Proceedings of the American Forest Congress, 1905. Washington: H. M. Suter Publishing Co.
Proceedings of the Thirty-first Annual Convention of the American Bankers' Association, 1905.
Reynolds-Ball, Eustace. Rome. Macmillan Co.
Riley, J. W. A Manual of Carpentry and Joinery. Macmillan Co.
Russian Reader. By Paul Boyer and N. Speranski. University of Chicago Press. $3 net.
Sainte-Beuve, C. A. Profils Anglais. Putnams. $1.
Sand, George. La Mare au Diable. Putnams. $1.
Shadwell, Arthur. Industrial Efficiency. 2 vols. Longmans. $7 net.
Solomons, David. The Management of Accumulations. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Thackeray's New Sketch-Book. Edited by Robert S. Garnett. London: Alston Rivers. 7s. 6d.
Their Husbands' Wives. Edited by W. D. Howells and H. M. Alden. Harpers. $1.
Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of the Jews in the United States. New York Coöperative Society.
Valdesso, John. Divine Considerations. Translated by Nicholas Ferrar. With George Herbert's Epistle. John Lane Co.
Van Dyke, Henry. The Childhood of Jesus Christ. F. A. Stokes Co.
Vincent, Leon. American Literary Masters. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Virgil's Aeneid. With translation by Charles J. Billson. 2 vols. Longmans.
Weinel, H. St. Paul: The Man and his Work. Translated by G. A. Bienemann. Putnams. $2.50.
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